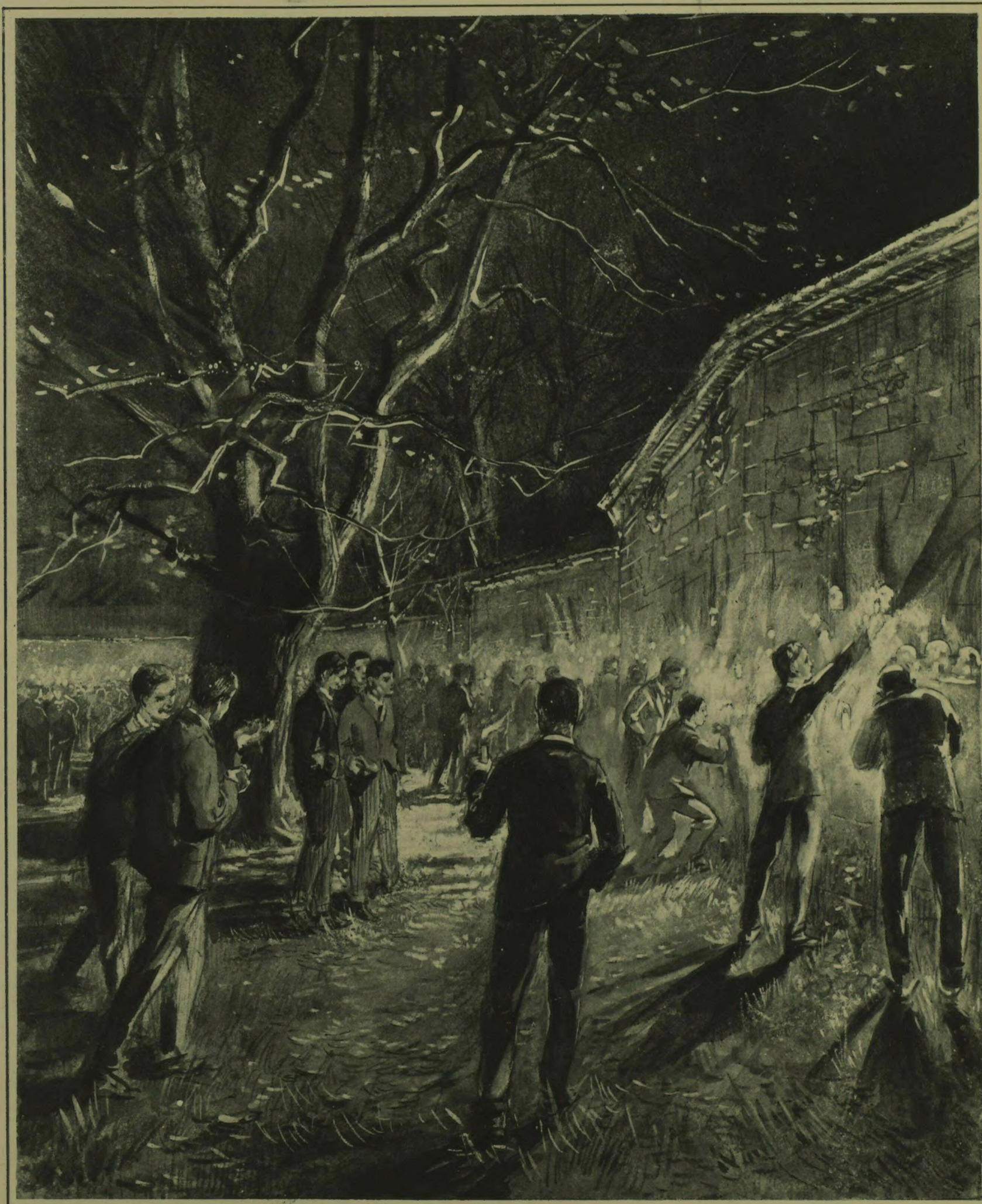


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1921.

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LIGHTING "TOLLIES" IN THE "TEMPLES" ON MEADS WALL ON THE LAST DAY OF SHORT HALF AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE: THE "ILLUMINA" CEREMONY, PROBABLY A SURVIVAL OF A PRE-REFORMATION RITE.

The editor of the "Wykehamist," Mr. Humphry Beevor, writes: "At 5 p.m. on the last day of Short Half (the Michaelmas term), all members of the school, after attending Results, or the reading out of division lists, go to 'Toll Meads,' or stroll up and down Meads during Illumina. This function is of doubtful origin, and probably dates back to the earliest days of the College's existence. The practice undoubtedly originated in some Catholic rite before the Reformation. The principal part of the ceremony consists in the lighting of 'tollies' or candles in the 'temples' with which Meads Wall is covered. These are small niches varying from 2½ in. to 4 in. in height (in some cases the niches are actually

6 in. high), and from 1 to 2 in. in depth. Some of them are old in origin (one is known to date from the sixteenth century), and comparatively ornate in architecture; others are simple constructions, cut out of the wall in more recent years. The task of lighting 'tollies' is entrusted to juniors who have just completed their first half in the school; and it is also their business to collect tolly-ends during the half. All 'temples' in Meads Wall are lighted, and a bonfire is made on Ball Court at the north end of Meads, round which 'Domum' is sung." Illumina is mentioned in "Winchester College Notions," Vol. I., by Three Beetleites (Winchester; P. and G. Wells, 1910).—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY HENRY C. BEETTES, R.I.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

TWO very strange stories have recently been reported from Germany. Both are somewhat typical of a country that was at least for a long time a sort of borderland of barbarism. But both are also typical of a time which is in so many ways a time of transition and of twilight. In other words, while they both have a spirit which is specially marked in Germany, we cannot be so certain as we should like to be that it will in the immediate future be confined to Germany. The first is a story more horrible than that of the Old Women at the Grand Guignol: the story of how two elderly females, being jealous of a girl, tied her to a stake and burnt her as a witch. The other is the criminal process, now concluded, which involves the idea of a man being indirectly a murderer merely by being a mesmerist. It is natural that the journalists, who compare the first to the play at the Grand Guignol, should compare the second to the novel and play about Svengali. It is perhaps not so natural that the real tale should be the more unnatural of the two. For the Old Women only blinded and did not burn; and the Jew only willed a girl to sing and not to slay. Truth is not only stranger, but much more blood-curdling than fiction. And it is horribly amusing to remember that some modern moralists would prevent little boys from going to the cinema, while they actually drive them to the schools, that they may learn to read the newspapers.

But the important point about the two tales is this. They are in one sense opposite extremes; but they are extremes that meet. Many would regard one as the oldest relic of superstition and the other as the last word of science. Many would regard a witch or a witchfinder as something as antiquated as a flint axe or a Palæolithic drawing. Many would regard a hypnotist as something as modern as a motor-car or a hypodermic syringe. And it is true that the twilight atmosphere, in which these two things meet and mix, is something at once older and newer than the normal nineteenth century mentality in which most of us grew up; it is a twilight that might be mistaken for dusk or for dawn. But these two extremes meet in the one essential idea involved: the idea of a person achieving a purpose by something beyond the five bodily fingers or the five bodily wits. A mesmerist may really be a wizard, but it would not alter the fact that he is walking about the modern world as a mesmerist. The wizard may have been only a mesmerist, but it would not alter the fact that he did produce the practical effect of a wizard. In my opinion we might almost as well call him a wizard as call him a mesmerist, until we know a little more about mesmerism. I am aware, of course, that a yet more modern word has been found for this very ancient psychological mystery. But the new word, if more modern, is not more scientific, and certainly not more philosophical. The word hypnotism is no more descriptive than the word mesmerism, or perhaps than the word magic. Hypnotism is simply a Greek word for sleep; and, like most of these priggish and pretentious improvements, might truly be called a Greek

invocation to call fools into a circle. I have more than once enjoyed a social introduction to such a circle, doubtless in my capacity of fool; and I would as soon have the magic circle drawn by a witch. The older scientific name does at least identify, if it does not define; it is the name of a particular man who did do a particular thing. Mesmer did practise mesmerism; whereas a hypnotic trance is not in the least the same as a human sleep. Surely it would be better, for instance, to continue to describe the Pasteur treatment as the Pasteur treatment; rather than to invent a new word which implies that hydrophobia is the same as being thirsty.

But, whatever we call it, this power is admittedly a mystery. It is not only a mystery to those who study it, but a mystery to those who use it. And it is a very important crisis in European history when that mystery first returns to stand in a

scientific terminations. If a witch were found successfully sticking pins into the wax image of an enemy, it would be thought enough to call it something like punctuationism. She would be noted for her characteristic felinism if she had a cat; though it would need a little more learning and ingenuity to find a word to express the fact that she had a broomstick. In other and more important branches of spiritual speculation, of course, the same process of elaborate evasion has been frequently applied. The ascension of various saints into the air was regarded as a manifest miracle, and therefore as a manifest myth. Then it was discovered that some people certainly could and did ascend into the air. But the resources of science are never exhausted, and the supply of long words had not run short. It was agreed that what everybody else had called ascension must henceforth be called levitation. This had all sorts of obvious superiorities over

the older term; for one thing, it was one syllable longer. And it was also an advantage to reflect that, in all probability, this particular word had never been said by those fantastic beings by whom the thing had been done. I have since seen signs among the learned of a disposition to admit the idea of resurrection, by calling it resuscitation.

Anyhow, unless we think clearly and establish some doctrine about these things, we shall soon find ourselves in a welter of the wildest superstitions and the dissolution of all processes of law and logic. I may be permitted, as one of the reactionaries who do believe in the possibility of witchcraft, to warn the progressive and scientific world that it is most horribly near to a revival of witch-smelling. I may believe in witches, but I do not want to burn them. The sceptics do not believe in the witches, but they probably will burn them. At any rate, they will torture them, by all sorts of



ROYAL GUESTS ARRIVE FOR A FAMILY CHRISTMAS GATHERING: (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCESS VICTORIA; THE KING; THE KING OF NORWAY; THE QUEEN OF NORWAY; AND PRINCE OLAF—AT KING'S CROSS.

The King of Norway and the Crown Prince Olaf arrived at Newcastle on December 19, and on the following day were met at King's Cross by the King and his sisters, Princess Victoria and the Queen of Norway. Queen Alexandra welcomed her visitors at Marlborough House, and on the 21st travelled with King Haakon and Prince Olaf to Sandringham, where the Royal Family arranged to spend Christmas.—[Photograph by C.N.]

European law-court, even if it be only a German law-court. Suppose that the horrible she-vampires, who burned the girl as a witch, had chosen instead to bring her into the law-court and accuse her of witchcraft. They would hardly have been charging her with a power more inscrutable, more unmeasured and unlimited, and above all more flatly opposed to the whole principle and practice of modern law, than is the power which is now being gravely discussed by modern lawyers. Indeed, for anybody who can think clearly about such things, there is very little difference of principle between the two alleged powers. If a man can really move another man like an automaton without himself stirring a finger, he certainly would in former times have been killed as a sorcerer. And if he did make the other party murder a third party, he deserved to be. The only difference is that our fathers preferred to describe such a thing by words which indicated that it was a mystery which they did not understand. And we prefer to describe it by words which indicate that we do understand it when we don't. We call it mesmerism instead of magic, or hypnotism instead of sorcery, merely because we have learned the trick of soothing ourselves with a certain sort of long words that have

new psychological tests; and those tests will be themselves quite untested. They will be quite as random and experimental as the old tests of pricking a girl with a pin, or throwing an old woman into a pond. None of the newspaper comment on the matter seems in the least capable of drawing the line between conjecture and conviction; or between thesis and evidence. I would rather have the narrowest rules of evidence of the English law-court, which do serve as some sort of protection to the liberty of the subject, than throw the whole thing open to the license of the psychological speculator. We shall no longer be told not to testify to what the soldier said. We shall testify first to what the soldier's subconsciousness said; then to what the soldier's father-complex said; then to what his mother-complex said, and so on. And before very long, when we have gone along that road, we shall hear very distinctly what the soldier's ghost said; what the soldier's gory wraith or spectre said or shrieked or gibbered, brandishing a blood-stained bayonet and dancing in the moon. And it may be left for some of the superstitious slaves of supernaturalism, like myself, to make a last appeal for the liberties of Common Law and the elements of common sense.

THE MAKING OF A RUSSIAN DANCER: PUPILS TRAINING FOR BALLET.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



NO 1



WHERE BOTH LEGS AND ARMS ARE EXERCISED, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, IN STRICT TIME: BAR PRACTICE AT A RUSSIAN BALLET SCHOOL.

Few of those who see the Russian dancers at the Alhambra, or elsewhere, have any idea of the long and arduous training which they undergo in order to attain that grace of movement and perfection of miming which has captivated London audiences. Here and on the following pages we give a series of drawings to illustrate the training of young dancers at a Russian ballet school. The two

drawings above show students at the bar engaged in what is called side practice. Both legs and arms are always exercised, one after another, to strict time. The lower picture shows the exercise of both sides of the body. It may be explained that the bar is fixed to the wall round the sides of the practice-room.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE MAKING OF A RUSSIAN DANCER: PHASES OF A

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,



2. "MIDDLE" PRACTICE, IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM, AWAY FROM THE BAR: AN "ARABESQUE" POSITION DURING AN ADAGIO, OR SLOW MOVEMENT.

"Most of us," writes Mr. Steven Spurrier, with reference to his drawings above and on the pages preceding and following, "feel the fascination of the Russian ballet, which holds us far more than those of other countries. There is something over and above the hard classic training which they undergo, some national characteristic which peeps through the tradition of the schools and appeals most strongly to the English nature. M. Diaghileff has shown us what can be done with the Russian trained ballet dancer in all the different types of ballets he has produced, from 'Sylphides' to 'Chout' and 'Sacre du Printemps'. This shows clearly what a really remarkable person the Russian trained dancer is, and how very thoroughly and broadly the training is carried out. It

TRAINING THAT LASTS THROUGH A DANCING CAREER.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



3. TAKEN AT FURIOUS SPEED IN WILD EXCITEMENT: A RUSSIAN NATIONAL DANCE, FULL OF VIOLENT STAMPING OF FEET, CLAPPING OF HANDS, CRISP PIROUETTES, AND "COBBLER'S DANCES."

lasts all through a dancer's career, the stars and everyone doing the same practice every day and a greater part of the day. One of the foremost teachers of dancing to-day is Mme. Astafeva, who created the rôles of Cleopatra and Scheherazade at Covent Garden when they were presented by M. Diaghileff in 1914, after previously playing them in all the principal towns on the Continent. In 1915 she settled in London and established a school here (after seeing what remarkable dancers the English were). She has pupils now with M. Diaghileff, at the Alhambra, with Anna Pavlova, the Swedish Ballet, and other companies. Miming in its highest and broadest forms is taught and performed with perfect time and precision.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE MAKING OF A RUSSIAN DANCER: "ALLEGRO"; AND MIMING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



4. FIRST PERFORMED BY ADVANCED PUPILS SINGLY AND IN PAIRS, THREES, AND FOURS: "ALLEGRO" OR QUICK MOVEMENTS.

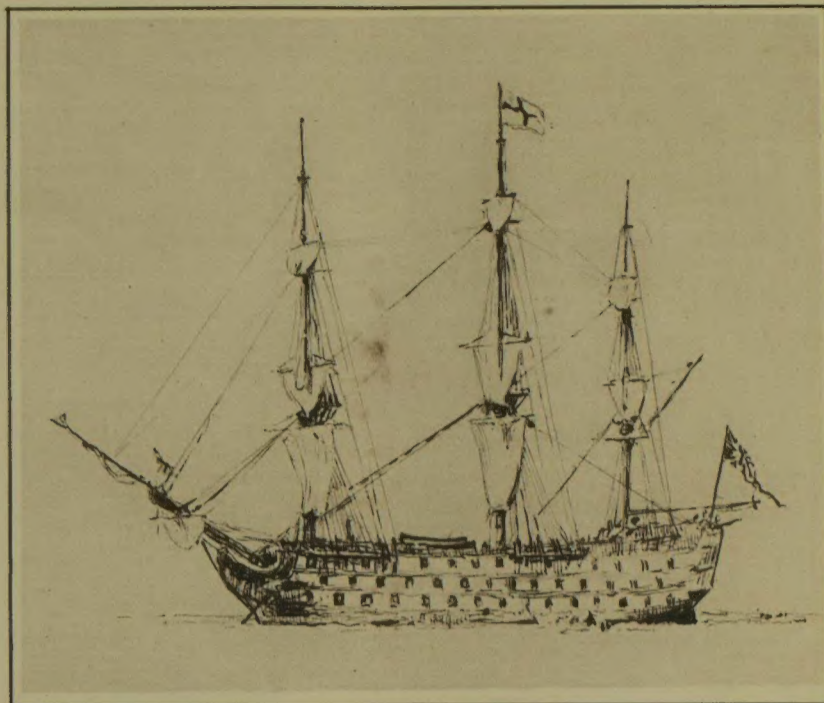
The upper drawing shows a further development of the "middle" practice, that is, in the middle of the room away from the bar, illustrated on the preceding double-page. Here we see "allegro" or quick movements, which are first performed by the most-advanced dancers singly and then in pairs, trios, and quartets. These movements are taken over and over again until they are

5. RANGING FROM SIMPLE EFFECTS TO SENSATIONAL DRAMA SUCH AS "CLEOPATRA": A MIMING CLASS AT A RUSSIAN BALLET SCHOOL.

performed properly by all the pupils. The lower drawing shows a miming class, learning to act in dumb show. The succession of subjects taken by this class ranges from the simple opening and reading of a letter to a highly sensational drama such as "Cleopatra." Miming is, of course, an important feature of the Russian ballet.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SYMBOLS OF TWO GREAT WARS: NELSON'S SHIP; A FRENCH MONUMENT.

DRAWINGS RESPECTIVELY BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A., HAROLD WYLLIE, O.B.E., AND MAXIME ROISIN.



PAINTED IN THE STYLE OF THE NAVY OF ABOUT 1840: THE "VICTORY" TO-DAY—A DRAWING BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

DRAWN TO SCALE FROM THE ORIGINAL PLANS BY HAROLD WYLLIE, O.B.E.: THE "VICTORY" AS SHE WAS IN NELSON'S TIME.



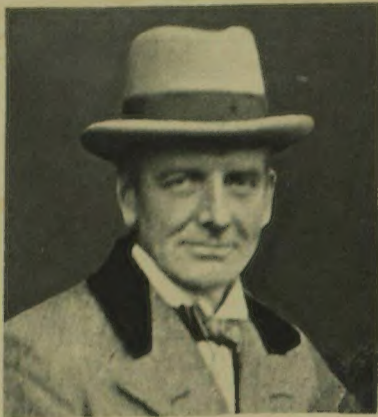
TO IMMORTALISE "THE PATH OF SUFFERING, DEATH, AND VICTORY": THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF THE SACRED WAY, TO BE ERECTED ON THE ROAD FROM BAR-LE-DUC TO VERDUN—A DESIGN BY MAXIME ROISIN AND PAUL MAREAU-VAUTHIER.

The condition of H.M.S. "Victory," Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, recently necessitated her going into dry dock at Portsmouth to be examined with a view to a decision as to her future. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, the marine artist, has suggested that she should be repainted in the style of Nelson's day. "As she is painted at present," writes Mr. Gerard Fiennes, "she represents the Navy of about 1840. In the year of Trafalgar . . . generally a vessel was painted with a wide black streak running all round her and reaching to the lower gun-deck. Above this the hull was painted a brownish-yellow, while the after-part (above the gun-decks) and the poop were often a bright red or blue, with lavishly gilded scrolls.

Captain Duff, of the 'Mars' . . . wrote to his wife on October 19, 1805, to say that he had just painted his ship 'à la Nelson.' This meant that the hull was painted black, with a yellow streak along each tier of ports, the port lids being coloured black. The masts of British war-ships were painted white, to distinguish them in action from the French, who painted their masts black." The lower illustration shows a triumphal arch, designed by M. Paul Moreau-Vauthier, sculptor, and M. Maxime Roisin, architect, to be set up at Bar-le-Duc on the road to Verdun, to commemorate the troops who trod it in the war. The French call it the "Sacred Way."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

T.D.'S FOR AND AGAINST THE IRISH TREATY: CLASHING VOICES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.; KEOGH BROS., LTD., DUBLIN; TOPICAL; L.N.A.; LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN; AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



THE REVEALER OF "DOCUMENT TWO":
MR. SHANE MILROY (FOR THE TREATY)



MOVER OF THE RESOLUTION IN FAVOUR OF RATIFICATION:
MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, CHIEF DELEGATE TO LONDON.



"I WAS NOT THREATENED BY LLOYD
GEORGE": MR. E. J. DUGGAN, SIG-
NATORY (FOR THE TREATY).



CHIEF OPPONENT OF THE TREATY,
AND AUTHOR OF "DOCUMENT TWO":
"PRESIDENT" DE VALERA.



"THE TREATY, THOUGH IT HAS GOOD
POINTS, IS A VAST TRAP": MR.
ERSKINE CHILDERS (AGAINST).



ONE OF THE SIGNATORIES TO THE
IRISH TREATY: MR. R. C. BARTON.



"I STAND BY MY SIGNATURE": MR.
MICHAEL COLLINS, THE MAN WHO
"WON THE WAR."



AGAINST THE TREATY: MR. CATHAL
BRUGA, SINN FEIN "MINISTER FOR
DEFENCE."



"LLOYD GEORGE GAVE US AN ULTI-
MATUM—PEACE OR WAR": MR. GAVAN
DUFFY (FOR THE TREATY).



UTTERER OF A "3-HOURS TORRENT OF DENUNCIATION" AND AN
INTERRUPTER EXPELLED: (L. TO R.) MISS MARY MCSWINEY AND THE
HON. ALBINIA BRODRICK.

The debate on the ratification of the Irish Treaty in Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein assembly in Dublin, disclosed a passionate clash of opinion between those in favour of ratification and those against it. One of the principal causes of dispute was Mr. de Valera's refusal to produce his alternative scheme, called "Document Two," and there was a dramatic scene when Mr. Shane Milroy revealed the form of oath which Mr. de Valera proposed to substitute for that contained in the Treaty. While Mr. Fionan Lynch was speaking (in favour of ratification) a statement of his was interrupted by a loud cry of "No" from

the Hon. Albinia Brodrick, sister of Lord Midleton, and Sinn Fein police officers asked her to leave. Miss Mary McSwiney, sister of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, delivered a voluble denunciation of the Treaty in a three-hours' speech. Mr. Gavan Duffy advised ratification, but said he had signed the Treaty under an ultimatum from Mr. Lloyd George. This statement, however, was discounted by Mr. E. J. Duggan, also a signatory, who said he had not been threatened by the Premier. T.D. (Teachta Dail) is equivalent to M.P. The Dail debate was adjourned on December 22 until January 3.

THE PRINCE OF WALES GOES PIG-STICKING: HIS FIRST "KILL."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.

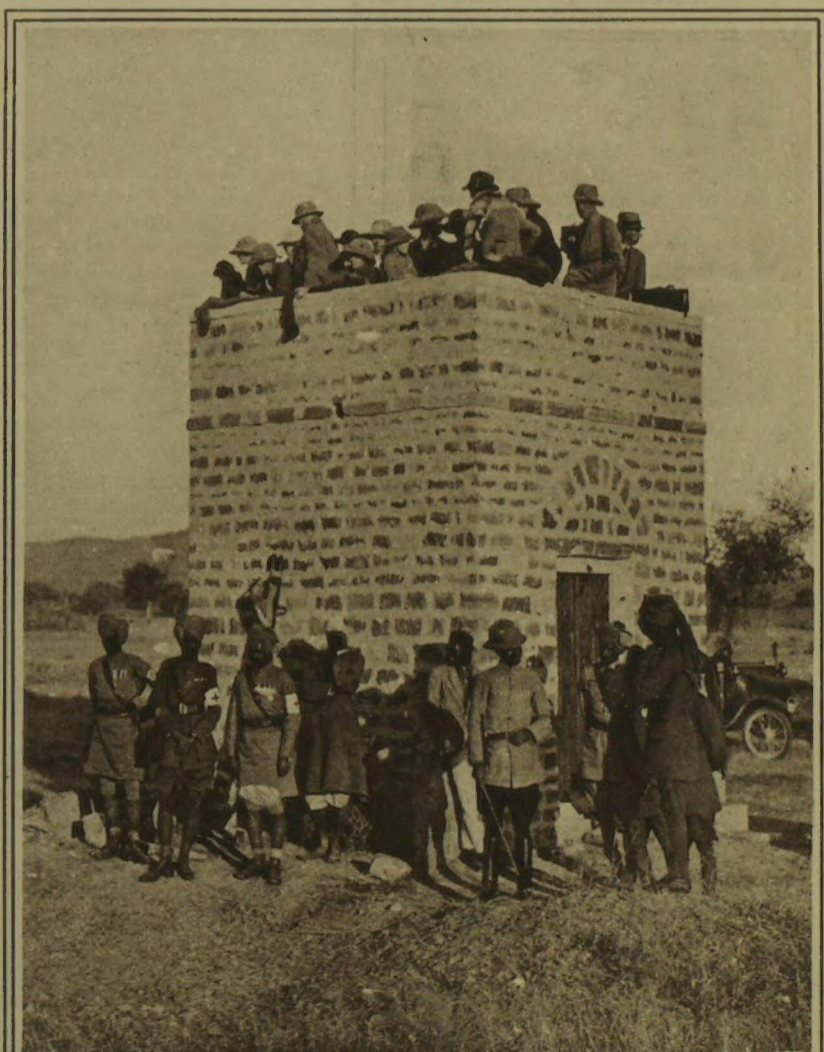


"HE GOT HIS FIRST PIG, A GOOD BIG BOAR, IN CLEAR STYLE": THE PRINCE OF WALES AT JODHPUR, WITH THE MAHARAJAH REGENT, SIR PRATAP SINGH (CENTRE), AND THE MAHARAJAH (RIGHT), AND THE PRINCE'S FIRST "KILL."



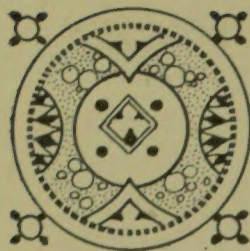
READY TO START ON A PIG-STICKING EXPEDITION:
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT JODHPUR.

The Prince of Wales had his first experience of pig-sticking at Jodhpur on November 30, when he went with a party to some sandy scrub country about five miles from the city. A number of big boars were drawn and the Prince secured his first "kill." The "Times" correspondent, writing from the Prince's camp on that date, says: "This morning he was off at six o'clock pig-sticking, and got his first pig, a good big boar, in clear style. The party was divided into four heats of four spears each. The Prince's heat got two pigs, the other

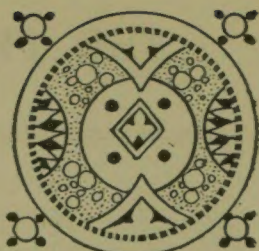


SPECIALLY BUILT FOR SPECTATORS TO WATCH THE SPORT: A STONE TOWER AT JODHPUR, WITH AMBULANCE MEN BELOW.

heats one each, these pigs being killed by Lord Cromer, Colonel Harvey, and Captain Metcalfe. The fourth heat had an exciting time, a big boar being killed only in a general *mêlée* with a short hand spear in the bushes after it had chased Mr. de Montmorency on foot, his horse having fallen. A good morning's sport, and the Prince had two hard gallops, one of over a mile of excellent going on sand and small scrub. Among the members of the party were the Maharajah and the Maharajah-Regent, Sir Pratap Singh."



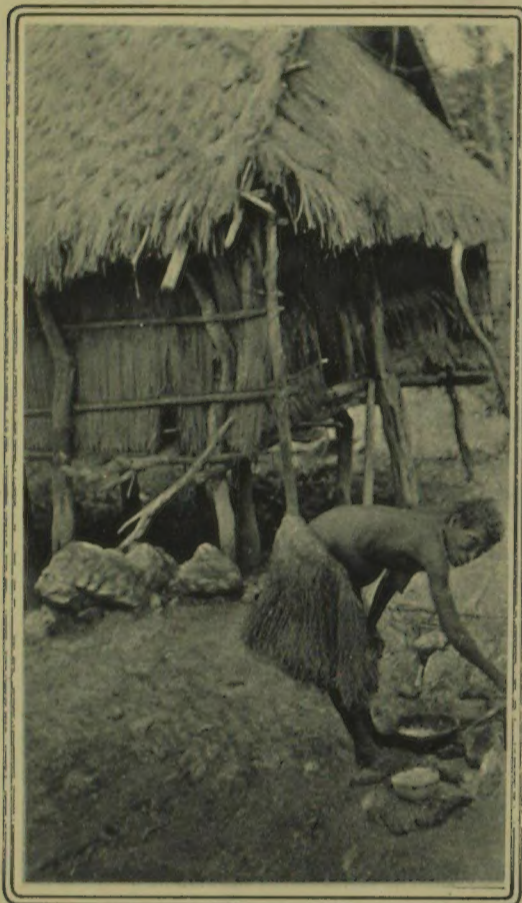
CURIOUS CHRISTMASES.



By ROSITA FORBES.

(Continued from last week.)

THE hottest Christmas of my life was spent in Papua in 1917. Undine and I were the only women in the little tin hotel, whose upper floor was divided into low cubicles, which resounded with the arguments of the pale-faced lodgers who earn their bread (and drink) in the tropics. It was not a cheerful place, for the menu consisted



HER CHRISTMAS DINNER? A PAPUAN WOMAN COOKING.

of kangaroo meat, mangoes and flies; the mosquitoes were particularly vicious, and the inhabitants were so tired of life that they were apt to end it violently with a razor, in inconveniently public places. On Christmas Eve drinks took the place of a dinner, and all night long the little town of red shanties, scattered amidst rough sand, resounded with riotous shouting and songs. I fell asleep at 3 a.m., to be roused a few minutes later by a violent dispute among some men in the next cubicle as to who was most capable of removing the boots of the entire party. I remembered a notice on the wall of a Canadian hotel: "Gentlemen are requested to remove their spurs before going to bed," and fell asleep again. This time I awoke suddenly to the sound of revolver shots. "I wonder if under the bed or in bed is safest," I said reflectively. "It depends where the shots are coming from," replied Undine, sitting up in a primrose crêpe-de-Chine nightgown. A moment later the judge and the banker burst into a neighbouring cubicle. "Mine host has got under the bar, so I think it's a hold-up, not a suicide—I'm for cover," said one, and we decided that life was a little too strenuous on the Papuan coast.

"Let us go inland," suggested Undine next day, after the landlord had presented us with half-a-dozen birds of paradise to make up for our disturbed

night, and we started off in a buck-board to drive to the foot of the Owen Stanley range. Our vehicle was so hard and so springless that my recollections of that long day's journey are but a blur of aching bones and rattling teeth. We got lean bush-bred horses at the foot of the bluff and rode up, by starlight, to a little tin rest-house, set among rows of pineapples. A huge Guri Bari boy, coal black in his birthday suit, with a shock of fuzzy hair ornamented by a lobster's claw, brought us hot cocoa.

"I couldn't bear so much nakedness with my breakfast eggs," said Undine, and hunted in our bulging haversacks for a length of bright cotton stuff. "It'll make him a beautiful kilt," she urged, and pressed it upon the delighted savage. Next morning pineapple and poached eggs were brought us by a smiling henchman, bare and black as Mother Nature made him, but Undine's gift was wound triumphantly into a colossal head-dress in which the lobster's claw had given way to shells and Goura plumes!

Christmas dinners are rare in Papua, but a tale is told of the unregenerate days of New Guinea, before Australian influence predominated, of a mighty feast to which two Europeans found their way under the impression that it was given in honour of the birth of a baby. Too late did they discover that the unwanted girl child formed the principal *plat* at the meal!

Christmases on board copra or banana tramps in tropical seas bring back to me memories of white sunlight creeping under tattered awnings, licking worn canvas shoes and winking off chipped glasses which had once contained the potent liquors of the hot lands, but only once can I find a picture of snow.

It takes forty years of learning to make a Buddhist priest on far-off Koyo-san. Boys of fourteen or fifteen leave their homes, abjuring the flesh and the devil which they cannot understand, and shut themselves up for the rest of their

lives in the monastery on the top of a pine-clad Japanese mountain. In summer the pilgrims make a picnic of their journey to the sacred spot, but in winter the slopes are velvet smooth with snow, and the long streams of white-clad pilgrims, chanting monotonous refrains, go steadily up the mountain by night. Their rough woollen garments are drawn over their faces and their legs are encased in wound strips of cotton. Each carries a little lantern on the end of a staff, and the endless procession of lights goes nodding, twinkling, up the mountain towards the sound of a great gong, beaten high up among the woods, calling the pilgrims onwards to the temple among the pines. I remember a boy priest, who spoke a little English, shaking us out of our slumbers as we lay on our thick piled mattresses (*jutons*) on the white matted



"THE HOTTEST CHRISTMAS OF MY LIFE WAS SPENT IN PAPUA":
A DECEMBER "SUMMER."

floor. It was very cold and quite dark as we padded, shivering, from the little empty guest-room above a toy garden where fat carp swam in miniature lakes. Our guide led us by grey, ghostly corridors, spotlessly matted, to a dim chamber where rows of pilgrims sat cross-legged on the floor. Out of the shadows loomed an immense bronze Buddha, his face benign and placid above drifting wreaths of incense. An old archpriest in red and gold, with lifeless, parchment face, chanted the monotonous mass, whose refrain was taken up and droned by monks and students, while the congregation bowed themselves forward on their faces and a single stroke on a gong sent echoes shivering to the vaulted roof.

I don't know how long we sat there hypnotised by the rhythm of the service, gazing at the amazing faces of the older priests. A life of contemplation had wiped out every emotion, every shadow of feeling from the pale masks, unlined and expressionless. When the first gleam of dawn stole through chinks in the shutters, we crept back to our black velvet mattresses, silent because the whole atmosphere of the place showed the futility of effort, even so small an effort as speech!

A few hours later there was sunlight among the pines, but the pilgrims were discontented. "Strangers have come with us," they said. "It will rain before we get down the mountain." And it did.



"IT TAKES FORTY YEARS OF LEARNING TO MAKE A BUDDHIST PRIEST"
ON FAR-OFF KOYO-SAN

THE PRINCE AT UDAIPUR AND JODHPUR: INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



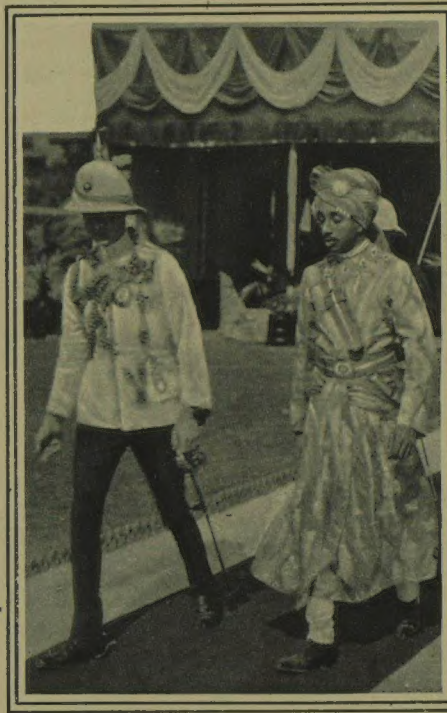
"I HAD THE HONOUR OF INSPECTING THIS GALLANT REGIMENT IN FRANCE": THE PRINCE INSPECTING THE JODHPUR LANCERS ON THEIR NATIVE SOIL.



WITH THE MAHARAJAH KUMAR ON HIS RIGHT: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A GROUP AT UDAIPUR, INCLUDING ADMIRAL HALSEY (SECOND FROM RIGHT).



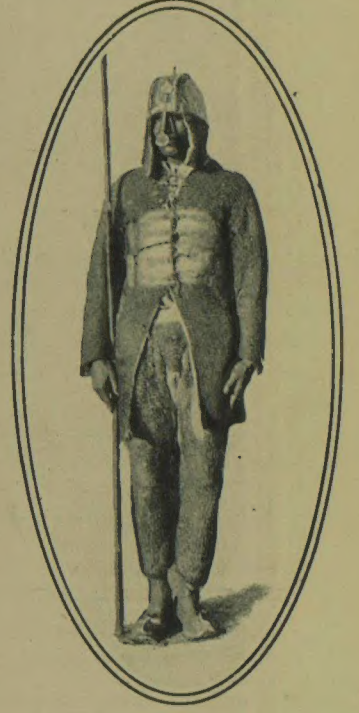
SEEN AT JODHPUR: A TYPICAL BRAHMAN PRIEST.



WALKING WITH THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT JODHPUR.



GREETING THE MAHARAJAH REGENT OF JODHPUR: THE PRINCE AND SIR PRATAP SINGH.



IN CHAIN ARMOUR: A NATIVE WARRIOR AT JODHPUR.



WAITING AT THE ROADSIDE TO WELCOME THE PRINCE OF WALES: A GREAT GATHERING OF NATIVES IN UDAIPUR, THE PRINCIPAL RAJPUT STATE.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Udaipur on November 25, and was received with great pomp by the Maharajah Kumar, son and heir apparent of the aged Maharajah, who, in spite of being very ill, insisted later on driving out to visit the Prince and attending a State banquet in his honour. The Maharajah of Udaipur is the leading chief of the Rajput States. From Udaipur the Prince went to Ajmer, where he visited Mayo College, and thence to Jodhpur. The Maharajah of Jodhpur, who is ten years younger than the Prince, and Sir



IN THEIR PICTURESQUE SHAWLS AND WEARING MANY BRACELETS: TYPICAL RAJPUT WOMEN, WITH THEIR CHILDREN, OUT TO GREET THE PRINCE AT UDAIPUR.

Pratap Singh, the Maharajah-Regent, gave him a splendid welcome. Their pig-sticking expedition is illustrated on another page. Speaking at a State banquet the Prince recalled having met the late Maharajah in France during the war, and said: "For five years the Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers served at the front in many fields with honour and distinction, and I had the honour of inspecting this gallant regiment in France early in 1915. . . . The memory of their brave deeds will never fade."

WITH A SMALL UNRIPE COCONUT AS A BALL: A NATIVE CRICKET MATCH IN NEW GUINEA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

BY ROSITA FORBES.



WHERE CRICKET COSTUME CONSISTS OF A TAPA CLOTH BELT AND A NECKLACE OF
IN NEW GUINEA—FOR COMPARISON WITH

That cricket has taken root in the Pacific Islands is a tribute to the colonising power of our national game. On another page in this number we give a description, with photographs, of a village cricket match in Tutuila, of the Samoas. It is very interesting to compare the game as there described with the above remarkably picturesque photograph taken by Rosita Forbes (now Mrs. Rosita McGrath), of Kufara fame, during a journey she made in New Guinea. Describing the scene, she writes: "Cricket is not exactly a national game in New Guinea, though it is strongly encouraged by the missionaries,

DOG'S TEETH, AND "ALL THE PLAYERS JOIN IN MAKING RUNS": THE GAME AS PLAYED
SAMOAN CRICKET DESCRIBED ON ANOTHER PAGE.

but it is played with vigour and enthusiasm. The local palm provides all the necessities—sticks for wickets, wood for roughly shaped bats, and small unripe coconuts for balls. Costumes vary, as may be seen in the photograph, but a belt of painted tapa cloth and a necklace of teeth pulled from the living dog (to ensure their lustre) is all that is *de rigueur*. The curious part of the game is when all the players join in making runs." The British portion of New Guinea, it may be recalled, is known as the Territory of Papua, and is under the control of the Commonwealth of Australia.

CRICKET IN STEVENSON'S ISLES: A VILLAGE MATCH IN THE SAMOAS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who spent his last years in the Samoas, becoming known as Tusitala (Teller of Tales), was the first writer to make the South Sea Islands widely popular. Since his day many books have been written about them, but the most fascinating of all is Mr. Lewis R. Freeman's "In the Tracks of the Trades" (Heinemann), the Account of a Fourteen Thousand Mile Yachting Cruise to the Hawaiis, Marquesas, Societies, Samoas and Fijis. From its pages we quote, by permission, the following extracts from a delightful account of a native cricket match between two Samoan villages, Pago Pago and Fauga-sa—the Falesá of Stevenson's story, "The Beach of Falesá." The subject is connected more or less with another illustration in this number, showing a native cricket match in New Guinea.

"The captain of Fauga-sa," writes Mr. Freeman, "nodded gravely to the Pago Pago captain opposite, and each leaned forward and laid a honey-hearted hibiscus blossom in the palm of his outstretched hand. Instantly every voice within and without the council house was hushed, and in the waiting silence the buzzing of a huge blue-bottle fly sounded insistently above the lap of the wavelets on the beach and the lisp of the leaves in the palms. Suddenly the buzzing ceased, and with a great shout of triumph the Fauga-sa captain sprang to his feet and waved a hand, on which action his shout was taken up by the other eight-and-sixty members of his team. . . . Had not the fly alighted on the hand of their chief, Malatoba, thus giving him the 'choice'?"

"A contest between two localities is a far more representative one in the island game than in real cricket, for a team consists of every able-bodied man in the village—every male not in his first or second childhood—and if one village chances to be larger than another it is all in the fortunes of war. . . . The ball is 'regulation,' but the bat, in size and shape, is more like that used in baseball than in cricket. It is made of light-coloured native wood of medium weight, is of about three feet in length, and has its large end slightly flattened for striking the ball. The handle is bound with cinnet to insure a grip. The wicket consists of one stick instead of three, the difficulty of hitting which, even undefended, makes anything in the nature of 'stone-walling' tactics quite superfluous.

"The batsman, having no running to do, simply stands up and drives the ball about until he is out, the latter event, except for special ground rules that vary even between village and village, occurring under practically the same conditions as in the orthodox game. Bowling, both as regards 'overs' and the distance from which, and the manner in which, the ball is delivered, does not differ materially from ordinary cricket. A game consists of but a single innings, and is never 'drawn' unless the score chances to be tied. It is finished when every man playing has had his turn with the bat, a consummation which may be reached in anything from four to twelve days. Play on the first day usually commences in the afternoon, but on the days following, except for short intermissions taken by the fielding team for a

triumphal dance after each 'out,' lasts from daylight to dark. When the natives are playing for their own amusement, the pitch is more likely than not to be located in the midst of a coconut grove, and in the closest-built part of the village. Twelve successive hours of fielding with a grilling tropical sun on the naked back has its terrors even for a Samoan. He likes the shade of the coconuts and the overhanging eaves of thatch, and there



"CHIEF MAUGA SQUARED AWAY TO FACE THE BOWLING OF CHIEF MALATOBA": A BATSMAN IN AN INTER-VILLAGE MATCH IN THE SAMOAS.

From "In the Tracks of the Trades," by Lewis R. Freeman.
By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.

is something in the uncertainty of handling the elusive caroms from ridge poles and palm fronds that appeals to his simple native mind.

"The custom of having special men to do the running for the batsmen originated, it is said, in the early days of the game, when a chief who had been lamed in battle,

prowess of its batsmen, nor upon the skill and quickness of its fielders, nor yet upon the speed and accuracy of its bowlers, but rather upon two phenomenally swift runners imported for the occasion from the crack Apia team of the island of Upolou. These men, Motu and Roboki, were reputed so speedy that they could exchange places while the ball was being passed from the wicket-keeper to the bowler, and on good, clean drives into the ocean it was said that they had often piled up a dozen, and even a score of runs. A Samoan cricket-field has no 'boundaries,' and running is kept up until the ball is returned or declared 'officially lost' by the umpire, a maximum of twenty runs being allowed in the latter event.

"With a great beating of drums, tooting of conches, and blowing of horns, the Fauga-sa men scattered out to their places, while Chief Mauga of Pago Pago squared away to face the bowling of Chief Malatoba. Motu and Roboki, the runners, crouched in readiness for a lightning start, the umpires waved their insignia of office, folded umbrellas, and the big game had begun. . . . Mauga stepped forward and laced out a screaming drive high above the council house and into the bay, and the Pago Pago sympathisers fairly went wild with excitement. While a lithe-limbed Fauga-sa fielder went darting like a seal through the water after the ball, Motu and Roboki, their every nerve and muscle strained to its utmost, were piling up the runs for Pago Pago. . . . A fragment of coco husk caused Roboki to turn his ankle just at the instant that he was about to pass his partner, sending him plunging, head-on, into Motu, both of them collapsing into a jumbled heap. The ball came on an instant later, and both batsmen, through the failure of their runners, were declared out.

"Out of deference to the feelings of their opponents, the Fauga-sas omitted the dance customarily indulged in each time a batsman is put out, but when the next man to face the bowling popped up an easy ball and was caught in the slips, they made up for lost time. Whirling and yelling like dervishes, they rushed into a solid phalanx formation, and then, with rhythmic clappings of hands and stampings of feet, made a circuit of the ground, finally to end up in front of the squatting ranks of the waiting batsmen of Pago Pago. Here they continued their antics for a minute or two more, jocosely pointing out the fate of the man just disposed of as the fate which awaited the rest of his team. Then they broke up and went to playing again.

"Not in the least disheartened by so unpropitious a start, the Pago Pago batsmen began slamming the ball about at this juncture, and by dark, though only fifteen wickets had fallen, a total of 240 runs had been put up, the largest half-day's score ever made in Samoa. Most of these runs were the result of long drives, which, though high in the air, were almost impossible to catch on account of the trees. Only one man was clean bowled, most of the outs being due to balls which flew up from the bat and were caught by one of the horde that clustered

at point. . . . Pago Pago continued to add to its score until, when the last batsman was out on the fifth day, a total of 1386 runs had been chalked up to its credit."



THE PAGO PAGO V. FAUGA-SA (STEVENSON'S FALESÁ) CRICKET MATCH: "TO-A, WHO MADE THE BEST SCORE FOR PAGO PAGO, FACING THE BOWLER."

Near the batsman (in the left foreground) may be noted his runner waiting, stick in hand, with foot raised.

From "In the Tracks of the Trades," by Lewis R. Freeman. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.

and whose presence in the game was strictly necessary from a social standpoint, was allowed the privilege of a running substitute. . . . Pago Pago's main reliance in this game was not upon the number and

"BLOOD AND SAND" IN REALITY: MATADORS OF THE SPANISH BULL-RING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRENSA GRAFICA, MADRID.



BULL-RING COURTESIES: A VISITOR (MARCIAL LALANDA) TAKING OVER THE HONOUR OF ACTING AS MATADOR (FROM BELMONTE).



YOUTH, DARING, AND FINE RAIMENT: A TYPICAL MATADOR IN HIS BULL-RING COSTUME—PABLO LALANDA.



A GREAT SWORD-THRUST: MARCIAL LALANDA GIVING THE COUP-DE-GRACE TO A BULL IN THE ARENA AT SEVILLE



AGILITY VERSUS BRUTE STRENGTH: A MATADOR (PABLO LALANDA), WITH HIS CLOAK AS DECOY, TANTALISING A BULL.



THE WAY OF A MATADOR WITH A BULL: ANOTHER TRICK WITH THE CLOAK—MARCIAL LALANDA IN THE SEVILLE RING.



THE MATADOR STEPS DEFTLY ASIDE OUT OF THE BULL'S PATH, DANGLING THE DECOY CLOAK: MARCIAL LALANDA AT SEVILLE.



A BULL-FIGHTER OF REAL LIFE: A TYPICAL MATADOR IN THE ORNATE COSTUME WORN IN THE BULL-RING: MARCIAL LALANDA.



SHOWING DARTS (BANDERILLAS) STUCK IN THE BULL BY BANDERILLEROS: A MATADOR (PABLO LALANDA) MAKING A PASS.

Bull-fighting has become a topical subject at the moment by Mr. Matheson Lang's production of a drama of the bull-ring at the New Theatre, "Blood and Sand," founded on the famous Spanish novel, "The Matador," by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Mr. Lang appears as Gallardo, the hero of the piece, which, it may be mentioned, has a different ending from that of the novel. It is interesting to compare both with these photographs of actual exploits by the brothers

Marcial and Pablo Lalanda in the bull-ring at Seville. The portraits show very well the type of men who engage in the national sport of Spain, and the elaborate costume which they wear. Ibañez brings out with extraordinary vividness in his story the fierce excitement of the arena, the temperament of the matador, and the psychology of the crowd, quick to applaud a popular idol when he is successful and to turn against him with yells of derision if he fails.

THE OLD FOX EARTH.

By "ANISEED."

SOME fifty years ago an old house with leaking roof and gardens wild stood on a wooded hill on the banks of an estuary. Although a small town was slowly growing within a mile, and a main line even then was in existence, the country behind consisted of wild and uninhabited mountains. Across the river, save for one small village, was nothing but low hills, and far beyond lay England. Now, this house which lay in the Welsh marches was in due course bought by a sportsman from the Midlands. One day, returning from hunting with the Warwickshire, this elderly gentleman overheard two "thrusters" say, "The old doctor's getting a wonderful eye for a gap!" Having been a bold man to hounds in his youth, it was suddenly brought home to him that nerve and youth had together gone; so he decided it was time to give up fox-chasing and retire to a country where no hounds were, and try to forget his heart's delight. Hence his purchase of the afore-mentioned house. For a long time, for old sake's sake, the local foxes were undisturbed; but at last, realising that it was folly to keep foxes in a non-hunting country, he had them dug out and destroyed, with one exception. There was an earth which lay among the overhanging trees on the rocky river bank, screened by root and ivy, among the slate shale. This earth penetrated far into the cliff, and, as the foxes moved about, little trickles of shale fell to the beach beneath, where it lay bright and dry until the daily rise of the tide covered it with river mud. This earth was never dug out; it was impregnable. But gun and trap in a year or two destroyed the last fox. Yet in the course of the next twenty years, at wide intervals, generally in hard weather, a fox would appear and take up a temporary abode in this old earth. Some got slain, others returned again to the hills when the snow melted on the tops.

My first knowledge of this earth was meeting a fisherman on the beach with a gun and carrying a dead fox. Asked where he obtained it, he pointed to the old earth in the cliff above. This fox on examination proved to have a dog-collar on, and was, incidentally, miserably thin. It had evidently escaped from captivity. Had some faint, far-off scent of long-dead foxes led it also to take up its abode in the old earth? Several years later, in those distant days "before the war," the writer obtained a fox cub from the hills. This little vixen, brought up in captivity, proved a charming pet. She got very tame, and often in the evening would sit before the fire, her bright eyes watching with alert distrust the dancing flames, delighted with the warmth, but most suspicious of its source. Every falling coal would make her leap away, yet back she always came with furtive tread. Within four walls she was never quite at home. Gentle enough with her owner, especially if alone, the sudden entrance of a stranger into the room caused the wildest panic. Leaping on the table, window-sill, or mantelpiece, round the room she would fly, overturning everything, leaving a trail of wreckage! In short, these domiciliary visits had to be curtailed. Although at first led about on a chain, she soon was allowed to go for walks in company with the dogs, with whom she became great friends, more particularly with a Welsh collie of spotted habit, locally known as a "mire dog." With this dog she might safely be left alone, as she wouldn't leave him, and when chained up to her kennel she always exhibited the liveliest pleasure on his appearance, lying extended with ears flexed back, and a grin like a fawning dog, her little brush twitching and wagging to and fro. On quiet summer nights she would sit on the roof of her kennel uttering curious little flute-like calls, quite unlike anything I imagined a fox ever uttered. I think in the stilly night animals most feel their captivity: to them

the gentle night air brings news of all that was their world.

Since small is part of sight and sound,
Delicate smells were drifting by.

Often I would hear the sharp scratch and jar of her chain as she leapt out to its full extent. Was she trying its strength, ever hoping to return to the wild (which she had scarcely known, being taken when a little cub with eyes scarce open)? Or was it that some old buck rabbit feeding on the lawn had come almost, but not quite, within springing distance? In the autumn she suddenly vanished, chain, collar and all; but a few days later a bedraggled, miserable, tucked-up little vixen came cringing into the stables with her collie friend. A return to the wild had, like many attained ideals, led to complete disillusionment! Her rattling chain had given away her



AT THE GARTH KENNELS: A PET FOX CUB.

Photograph by S. and G.

presence to all her natural prey. Rabbit, rat, and bird now fled to safety in spite of her careful approach. Every strange man and dog had caused her to fly, tripping and gasping, as her chain caught in every bush and irregularity in the ground. In short, the view that "it is better to bear the ills we have, etc.," was forcibly impressed upon her. And so she returned at the first opportunity to captivity.

In the New Year her unrest returned. All night long her chain rattled as she restlessly leapt up and down on her kennel, until one night she slipped her collar and was free. Several days went by with no news of the little fox, but one day word came that a fox had been seen near the old earth. This might or might not be she. Anyway, there was no way of getting her out, as putting a terrier in would probably mean her being injured, if not killed, instead of evicted. However, she soon proved to be about still, as the white corpses of my Aylesbury ducks showed. Shutting up the fowls earlier to avoid her depredations led to her capture again. In the early dusk a dark little form slipped away from the

fowl-houses, where great cackling was going on, as we went down with their evening feed. The collie being sent in pursuit, the little shadow stopped running, and on calling the dog to heel, with him back came our fox! Although rather difficult to catch, it wasn't long before she was once more a captive. Shortly after it occurred to the writer to see if he could breed a litter of cubs from her in captivity. So into a hamper went the little vixen, and she was taken a long journey into the next county on a visit to the M.F.H., who was asked permission to peg out the lady in one of his outlying covers. This was granted, and a cover chosen on a hill many miles away, though in sight of the place where she had lived so long a captive. Here she was placed on a long wire, which gave her comparative liberty, and was fed daily by the gamekeeper. Whether she obtained a husband I cannot tell, as after one wild night of storm and rain she disappeared, having once more slipped her collar, and I never saw her again.

So far we have her history. The rest is mere conjecture. One April day a year or so later, the county pack visited Ultima Thule, as they called the cover on their extreme boundary. Beyond lay, far below, the hunt boundary river and the still snow-capped hills of the next county, and to the west the sea. Ultima Thule was a large gorse cover lying immediately below the crest of a wind-swept hill, facing south-east, and fringed by a ragged belt of trees. Although not unknown to tourists (or Tow Rows, as the Welsh call them) in summer, this hill lay quiet enough through the greater part of the year, and was a spot—

Where foxes lie in short grassed
turf, nose between paws, to
hear the surf
Of wind in beeches drowsily.

There were a brace of foxes in the gorse; one went away at once. Perhaps his hurry gave the office to our little fox; anyway, she can otherwise have had no idea that hounds meant death. Be that as it may, she took the hint, and soon was flying for her life, running the tops with hounds racing on her line. It was a screaming scent. Possibly not knowing the country too well, more likely making her point, she went straight down hill towards the river. The sportsmen in pursuit cursed and swore as they galloped! "Gad, what a country! Full of wire!" By devious routes, they rattled along lanes, or, forsaking their ignominious safety, crashed through black-thorn fences, or propped on rotten banks with the ever-present fear of unseen wire, laboriously in pursuit of an ever-vanishing pack in an absolutely strange country.

What of the fox? Although

The field's noise died upon her ear,
A faint horn far behind blew thin,

yet the sound of hounds drew only too near, and what was her point? Into the valley she ran, across the road, past a straggling white village with roofs of slate, across the metals of the L.N.W.R., and out into the great mud flats; for the tide was out, and only a thin silver streak some sixty yards broad represented a great river. For half a mile she laboured on with pads of lead, covered with mud and sinking at every stride. But the hounds' greater weight made it worse going still for them as they floundered in pursuit, through slimy mud and shallow pools, whilst startled sea birds rose in whirling clouds, and far behind, coming down from the hills,

Wee figures almost at a stand
Crossing the multicoloured land,
Slow as a shadow on a dial.

Hounds killed her just as she reached the silver streak. Exactly opposite, some sixty yards away on the other bank, was the Old Earth.



THE TAMING OF THE VIXEN: A FOX CUB THAT BECAME A CHARMING PET, FASCINATED BUT FRIGHTENED
BY THE FIRE.

A fox sitting by the fire, like a dog or cat, is something of a novelty. This little vixen was caught very young and brought up in captivity at a house in the Welsh marches, near an estuary. She grew very tame, and proved a charming pet. In the evening she would sit by the fire, pleased with the warmth, but distrustful of the dancing flames. If a coal fell down, she would jump away in fright, but after a time would furtively return. She was never quite at home

indoors. Although tractable enough with her owner, the sudden entrance of a stranger would send her in a panic, flying round the room, jumping on tables or the mantelpiece and upsetting everything that came in her way. At first she was led on a chain, but was soon allowed to go for walks with the dogs, with whom she made great friends, especially with a Welsh collie. Her further adventures are described and illustrated on a later page.

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WITH HOUNDS CLOSE AT ITS HEELS: A FOX TOILING ACROSS THE MUD FLATS OF A WELSH ESTUARY TOWARDS AN EARTH IT KNEW.

The pet vixen described on the previous page eventually escaped from the kennel where she was chained at night (as illustrated on the next page), by slipping her collar. A few days later it was reported that a fox had been seen near a certain old deserted earth in the neighbourhood made among overhanging trees in the rocky bank of a river estuary. Not long afterwards she was seen at dusk near the fowl-house, and was recaptured by sending in pursuit her friend the collie, with whom she returned. Her owner, wishing to see whether he could breed a litter of cubs from her in captivity, sent her into the next county to an M.F.H., who had her fastened up to a long wire in one of his outlying covers. One stormy night she again slipped her collar and

disappeared. The rest of her history is conjectural. A year or so later the Hunt visited their furthest cover, near the estuary, and put up a fox which was afterwards believed to have been the truant vixen, although there was no absolute proof. The fox made straight downhill towards the river, across a difficult country full of wire, and out on to the great mud-flats of the estuary at low tide. It was heavy going. For half a mile the fox laboured on with pads of lead, covered with mud and sinking at every stride. The hounds' greater weight made it worse going still for them, as they floundered in pursuit, through slimy mud and shallow pools. The fox was killed just as it reached the stream that wound through the flats, only some sixty yards from the old earth in the further bank.

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THE CALL OF THE WILD IN CAPTIVITY: A PET FOX, CHAINED TO HER KENNEL AT NIGHT,
SITTING ON THE ROOF AND UTTERING CURIOUS LITTLE FLUTE-LIKE SOUNDS.

Before she escaped, and (as was thought) met the untimely fate described under the second of the two preceding illustrations, the little vixen there mentioned lived as a pet at the house of her owner on the Welsh border. After dark she was chained to a kennel out of doors, and there, on quiet summer nights, she would sit on the roof, uttering curious little flute-like calls. It is at night, no doubt, that wild creatures in captivity most feel their bondage. Although the little vixen

had hardly known the life of nature, having been caught as a tiny cub with eyes scarcely open, instinct taught her to seek the haunts of her kind. She would tug and leap at her chain in her efforts for freedom. Once she broke away, chain and all, only to return disillusioned, and again, as already related, she slipped her collar and escaped, to be brought home later by her collie friend. The tragedy which, it was believed, ended her career is illustrated on the previous double page.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

BY way of ringing out the Old Year, I put a librarian into the witness-box, and asked a few questions about the books of 1921. But first, before going to the highest authority, I tried an experiment on one of the assistants whose duty is not formally statistical, but merely that of handing out volumes to subscribers. Glancing

back over the novels of the year, I had previously decided what two works of 1921 fiction stand out most vividly and permanently in my memory, and I wondered whether the dispenser of books would by any chance mention either of these when I asked for an off-hand index of popular demand. Without a moment's hesitation, the assistant named the very two I had in mind: "If Winter Comes" and "Joanna Godden." Was it merely thought-transference? Scarcely.

Thence to the Chief Librarian,

USED BY CROMWELL AT THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR: A CURVED SWORD, WITH ANOTHER OF HIS, PRESERVED AT CHEQUERS.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

who, with a slight demur in the case of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's wonderful book, was inclined to accept the subordinate official's judgment and (having mentioned the inevitable "Main Street") added another name which I would certainly have included in my mental list, had I not limited the inquiry to two works that made a particular personal appeal. This third book, almost needless to say, was "To Let," and, had I chosen to make my criterion intellectual rather than emotional pleasure, there is no doubt that Mr. Galsworthy's serene and gracious close of the Forsyte epos would have claimed the foremost place. The omission of one or two obvious names from this evidence may seem surprising, and the reason probably lies in the mentality of the readers at this particular subscription library. Their taste is, I take it, rather fastidious, although the institution is not by any supposition severely exclusive in its choice of fiction.

As to biography, the Librarian gave Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" easy honours. The Lives of Mr. Choate and William James, Lord Esher's "Tragedy of Lord Kitchener," "A New Guinea Magistrate," and "Mary Davies and her Manor of Ebury" came in for special mention. Sir Frederick Treves's last book was also in exceptional demand; while Lord Rosebery's "Miscellanies" also ranged in the first flight of favour. In travel, Mrs. Rosita Forbes's "Secret of the Sahara" seems to have had the greatest attraction for this library's public; and among war books "The Escaping Club" and "The Blocking of Zeebrugge" stand out pre-eminent.

It is good hearing that "If Winter Comes" is scoring such a success in America. This is due, in part, one imagines, to the emphasis laid on Mark Sabre's business struggles, for our cousins love a "business novel." Our fine British social distinctions, handled with such delicate irony by Mr. Hutchinson in the character of Mrs. Sabre, do not usually "travel well" (in the wine merchant's sense) across the Atlantic; and

American publishers are shy of English novels bearing on class prejudice. But in this story the business and human interests row their own weight. According to the returns in the New York *Bookman* for December, the novel has had its greatest success, as yet, in the South Atlantic States. There it is fourth in demand. Next month, no doubt, it will be found somewhere on the list of the first six for the whole United States.

If 1921 has produced any supreme literary work, we have as yet been too blind to recognise it. But, accidentally, the year has been remarkable for two gallant attempts to achieve the impossible—to present Shakespeare as a character in drama. "Shakespeare," by Messrs. Rubinstein and Clifford Bax, was published last July, and still awaits performance. Conversely, the theatre had its will of Miss Clemence Dane's "WILL SHAKESPEARE," before the play was published (Heinemann; 6s.) in book form.

Not having seen the work on the stage, I came to the reading of it with a virgin mind, and so missed certain crucial particulars (notably the four-poster in Act III., Scene 2, for later knowledge of which thanks are due to the witty counsels of "A. B. W." in the *Times*), and I am inclined to think that perhaps the reader has the best of it; for he is at least spared the material spectacle of an actor disguised as Shakespeare, and so can the better enjoy the fantasy of a writer for whose previous work my admiration does not halt ever so little this side idolatry. But, frankly, with all due deference to fine lines, imagery often beautiful, and some good situations, I cannot see Shakespeare taking his own work in such deadly earnest as does this moon-struck playwright of Miss Dane's. This fellow could not have given us the Fat Knight. In all his composition is barely a halfpenny worth of humour to this intolerable deal of sentiment. Yet the thing is prettily conceived, and might pass bravely, if only one could believe that the hero is not the Shakespeare, but another man of the same name.

This forlorn hope of re-creating Shakespeare as a "person represented," is a hoary tradition. Mr. M. H. Spielmann has catalogued about forty former attempts—French, German, and English, and does not claim to have exhausted the list. Had he not confined his research to travesties of the authentic Shakespeare, he would doubtless have added a play—or, rather, music-hall sketch—that ventured to give colour to the Baconian heresy. It brought forward, as Will, a starveling player of meagre wits, who signed the plays for a

consideration. The only good moment was when Bacon, pen in hand, struggled with the opening line of Richard II. He had got down

Old John of Gaunt, venerable Lancaster, and he didn't like it. His long-drawn-out agonies until he hit upon the better rhythm, "time-honoured Lancaster," were worthy—of a music-hall. If Bacon's average speed of composition was that shown, well, he couldn't have written Shakespeare, and the "sketch" was to that extent a service to the Stratford poet.



CROMWELL'S "HOBBY-HORSE" AT CHEQUERS: A CONTRIVANCE ON WHICH HE TOOK RIDING EXERCISE INDOORS.

This curious contrivance of springs on a narrow bench was Oliver Cromwell's substitute for riding when he was unable to spare time for the real thing. The spiral springs—still in excellent condition—provided the motion, and the arms on either side prevented the risk of the rider being thrown. The association of the Cromwell relics with Chequers is explained under further photographs of the interior on a double-page in this number.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

The subject and the season both remind me that this journal once took a hand at the game of introducing Shakespeare into narrative fiction, where he moves more easily than on the boards. It was in Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's short story, "Shakespeare's Christmas." I return to it to-day with the same keen pleasure as when I first read it in Sir Arthur's exquisitely minute but perfectly legible MS., and find this passage—which may serve very well for comment on Miss Dane's hero—"I knew him; to be sure, down in Warwickshire; but he has gone somedel beyond my ken, living in London, you see." Yes, "somedel beyond our ken," on London boards to-day.

Do not, however, let these remarks persuade you that "Will Shakespeare" is negligible. Far from it. Were it only as the latest reflection of the Dark Lady's glamour, the play claims consideration; so put it on your library list, and, by way of contrast, add Muriel Hine's "Torquil's Success" (The Bodley Head; 6s.), where the wife's desertion and not the husband's opens the way to literary success. For more strenuous reading you should include "WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY," by Major-General Sir Alfred Knox (Hutchinson; 2 vols., 36s.), one of the few books dealing with the Eastern theatre of war. It is particularly valuable for the fresh light it throws on the Russian point of view.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

A SURVEY. By Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann. 25s. net.) The caricatures contained in the present volume were mostly exhibited at the Leicester Galleries last spring.

ONE OF THREE. By Netta Syrett. (Hurst and Blackett. 8s. 6d. net.)

The story of a woman who possessed great "charm," and how this particular gift affected the lives of those who came in touch with her.

CHRISTABEL. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)

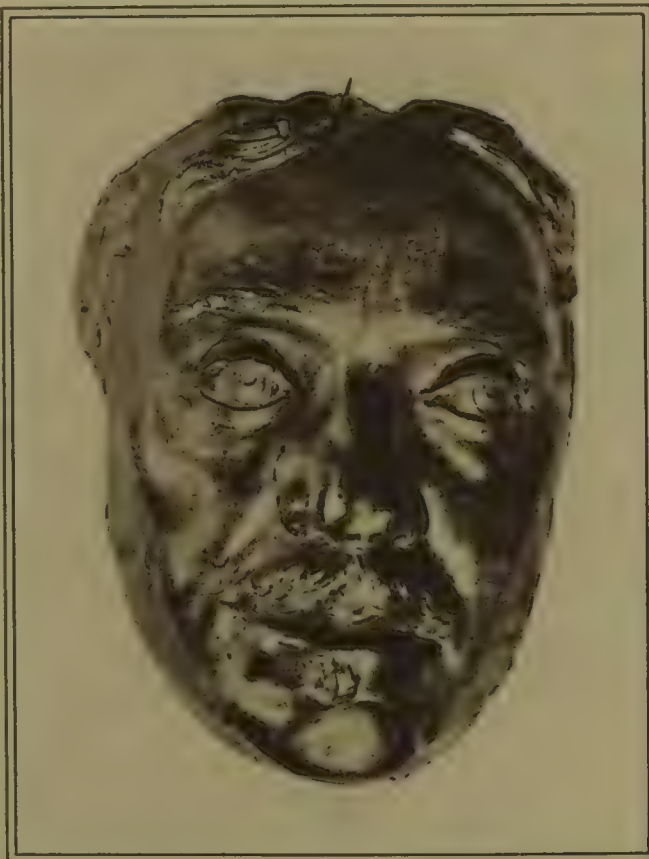
About a young girl who makes an unfortunate "war marriage" and of her subsequent development of a psychic gift.

BELOW THE SURFACE: FOOTNOTES TO THE EVERYDAY. By Richard King. (Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

A book of short, bright essays written by the author of "With Silent Friends."

WHAT TIMMY DID. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)

Timmy is possessed of the (to others) most unpleasant gift of second sight. How he uses and abuses it is agreeably told in Mrs. Lowndes's best manner.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S "ANCESTOR": A RELIC OF THE PROTECTOR AT THE PREMIER'S OFFICIAL COUNTRY SEAT—THE LIFE-MASK OF OLIVER CROMWELL AT CHEQUERS.

In showing guests the picture-gallery at Chequers, Mr. Lloyd George jocularly indicates a portrait of Cromwell as "My ancestor."

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

(See other Illustrations of Chequers on Pages 906-907.)

ROYAL MEMORIES AT CHEQUERS: KING STÉPHEN'S ELM-TREE; AND THE PRISON ROOM OF LADY JANE GREY'S SISTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (SIR ROBERT HORNE): A FINELY CARVED ELIZABETHAN FOUR-POSTER BED AT CHEQUERS.



SAID TO PRESAGE AN OWNER'S DEATH BY THE FALL OF A BOUGH: AN ELM-TREE PLANTED BY KING STEPHEN.



WITH THE ARMS OF DE CHEKERS, THE ORIGINAL OWNER, CARVED ON THE MANTELPIECE: THE GREAT HALL.



WHERE MR. LLOYD GEORGE CAN SEE FROM HIS CHAIR THE LANDS OF JOHN HAMPDEN: THE PREMIER'S DESK IN HIS JACOBINE PANELLED STUDY.



MODERN COMFORT IN A HISTORIC MANSION: THE GREAT PARLOUR AT CHEQUERS, THE OFFICIAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER, PRESENTED BY LORD AND LADY LEE OF FAREHAM.



WHERE LADY JANE GREY'S SISTER, LADY MARY QUEEN ELIZABETH OBJECTED TO HER



KEYS, WAS IMPRISONED FOR TWO YEARS BECAUSE OF HIS PART IN THE RUSSELL MARRIAGE: THE PRISON ROOM AT CHEQUERS.



ONCE THE PROPERTY OF JAMES II. WHEN DUKE OF YORK: A GREAT BRASS-MOUNTED CHEST (RIGHT) NOW CONTAINING THE CHIEF DOCUMENTS AND HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE HOUSE.

Chequers has been making modern history since it was presented to the nation by Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, in 1917, as the official country seat of the Prime Minister. It has also many historical associations of the past, in which the Premier takes the keenest interest. On our "Books of the Day" page, some Cromwell relics, now replaced, are illustrated. Writing in 1910, in "Highways and Byways in Buckinghamshire," Mr. Clement Shorter said: "The presence until recently of all these relics of Cromwell at Chequers Court does not imply any personal association of that great man with the house. The story of these personal treasures takes us back, however, to the year 1657, when Cromwell was at the height of his power." His daughter Frances married, as her second husband, Sir John Russell, of Chippenham, and had three sons and a daughter. "It was by the marriage of Lady Russell's

grandson, Colonel Charles Russell, with Joanna Revell, that Chequers Court came into the Russell family, for Joanna was heiress of the Croke family, to whom it had belonged. It was Colonel Russell, then, Cromwell's great-grandson, who brought all these interesting treasures into the house." But Chequers has still earlier memories. Lady Jane Grey's sister, Lady Mary Grey, who with her elder sister, Catherine, was a Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, offended her Majesty by secretly marrying Thomas Keys, the Queen's Serjeant-porter. Elizabeth committed Keys to the Fleet prison, and sent Lady Mary to the care of William Hawtreay at Chequers. In connection with the elm-tree planted by King Stephen, there is a legend that the fall of a bough presages the death of the owner of Chequers. It has been suggested that it might in future presage the fall of a Government!

BALLOON-SQUASHING IN THE BALL-ROOM: A NEW COMPETITION FOR DANCE PRIZES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



WHERE EACH MAN TRIES TO KEEP HIS PARTNER'S BALLOON INTACT AND TREAD ON

Many ingenious competitions have been devised to add to the attractions of the ball-room. Here we illustrate one of the latest novelties of this kind. Each lady dancer has a balloon tied to one of her ankles, and in the course of the dance every man endeavours to crush with his feet the balloons of the other men's partners, while steering his own partner in such a way as to enable her to keep her own balloon intact. If she succeeds in doing so, she receives a prize at the end of the dance. The excitement thus introduced adds greatly to the merriment of the evening. Another ball-room competition, which was held at Murray's Club, was illustrated in our issue of October 29.



THOSE ATTACHED TO OTHER LADIES' ANKLES: A NOVEL ATTRACTION IN THE BALL-ROOM.

A roulette dial, with a pointer, was fixed on the wall, and the floor was marked with numbers corresponding to those on the dial. During the dance, the dial was spun round, and before it ceased to revolve the music suddenly stopped, as in the game of musica chairs. The dancers immediately stood still watching the pointer until it stopped opposite a number. The couple on or nearest to the corresponding number on the floor received a prize. Here, of course, it was a matter of pure luck, but in the balloon-squashing contest there is a distinct element of skill.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

NEW ETRUSCAN DISCOVERIES: SCULPTURES FROM ORVIETO AND AREZZO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF FLORENCE, SUPPLIED (WITH DESCRIPTION) BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



A WOUNDED NIOBID OR DYING AMAZON: ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE FROM AREZZO.

1
THE following account of the remarkably interesting discoveries of ancient Etruscan art and architecture, illustrated on this and the opposite page, is from the pen of the well-known archæologist, Professor Federico Halbherr, of Rome:—"While the recent report in the Press of the discovery, between Civita Castellana and Viterbo, of the famous shrine of Voltumna, has proved entirely baseless, considerable remains of a real Etruscan temple, some distance from that place, have been brought to light, in the excavations made by the Archæological Museum of Florence, at Orvieto. This city, which stands on the top of an isolated rock at the opening of the lower valley of the Tiber, has been recognised in

[Continued in Box 2.]



A HEAD OF A YOUTH WITH PHRYGIAN CAP: A FINE GREEK TYPE FROM AREZZO.

Continued.] 2
all ages as the site of an ancient settlement, but that it was Etruscan has been proved only within the past century, by the discovery of its imposing necropolis. Even the name of the early town was disputed until a few years ago. The most recent archæologists, however, agree in placing there the ancient *Volsinii*, the powerful Etruscan city, which, after a century of wars, was taken by storm and destroyed by the Romans, in 264 B.C. Now, since we know, from ancient sources, that the federal sanctuary of the Goddess Voltumna, the meeting-place of delegates of the Etruscan communities, was in that territory, it would be perhaps more reasonable to search for its remains in this neighbourhood rather than in any other place, even if no argument,

[Continued in Box 3.]



BELIEVED TO BE FROM THE SHRINE OF VOLTUMNA AT VOLSINII: A TORSO FROM ORVIETO.

Continued.] 4
and Roman temples are still extant. Of wood were the epistyles and the entablatures, which, as in the earlier Sicilian temples, were coated with painted plates of terra-cotta, the borders of the roof being similarly adorned by clay antefixes, and the pediment by statues of the same material. The remains of such decorations are what constitutes the principal and most interesting portion in the present discoveries at Orvieto. An entire segment of the frieze of a side-wall, together with a fine antefixe, representing a head of Silenus, framed by lobes with palm leaves, has been found in one of the first trenches, in the exact position in which it had fallen when the temple fell into ruin. Another head in still better preservation, showing different dress, was unearthed very recently from another ditch. To avoid monotony, the single antefixes

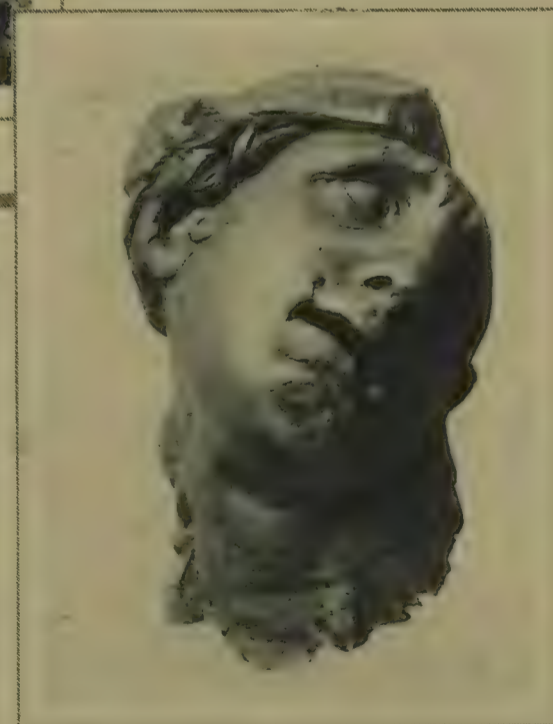
[Continued below.]

Continued.] 3
up to the present day, empowers us to attribute to this very temple the ruins with which we are concerned. These ruins have been discovered, beyond the walls of the modern city, in the old olive grove on the north-eastern spur of the hill-plateau, near the famous well of St. Patrick, and consist in a basement still supporting the lower parts of the four walls of a rectangular structure in huge squared blocks, about 73 feet long and 56 wide. Before the front wall are traceable remnants of the steps which led to the platform. The elevated part of the building is not preserved; but this fact cannot surprise us, as we know that Etruscan temples were constructed principally of wood, and this is the reason why no one of them is standing, while so many Greek

[Continued in Box 4.]



FOUND AT AREZZO (THE ANCIENT ARRETUM): A HEAD OF MINERVA IN A CORINTHIAN HELMET.



MODELLED WITH EXQUISITE SKILL: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NIOBID, OR DYING AMAZON.

Continued.]
were executed with some variations in design and form, representing generally Silenus—and Mænad—heads in alternated disposition. The statues of the pediment found are not in such great number as to permit us to infer the subject of the mythological scene it represented. Amongst them are that of a warrior and the figure of a nude youth, with simply a *chlamys*, or mantle, on his shoulders, recalling the common dress of the Greek *ephebi*, or that of Apollo

himself. A similar statue, in corresponding dimensions, casually found on this spot, a long time before the present works, and since kept in the Museum of the town, belongs certainly to this pediment, and will perhaps find its place in the general composition, at the end of the excavations. According to the Director of the Florentine Museum, Professor Pernier, the style of these figures is that of the Etruscan works of the fourth century B.C. Greek influence is,

[Continued in Box 5 opposite.]

THE GREAT ETRUSCAN SHRINE AT VOLSINII? NEW "FINDS" AT ORVIETO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF FLORENCE SUPPLIED (WITH DESCRIPTION) BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

Continued.]

5

however, visible in them, as in all the Etruscan figures of this kind, from the very beginnings of the plastic art in that region. The early painted clay statue of Apollo, found lately at Veii, and published by 'The Illustrated London News' soon after its discovery, is the most impressive representative of the pure Greek archaic style in Etruria; and it is certain now that in various Etruscan cities workshops or studios existed, where Greek models were used, probably also by Greek artists. One of the principal of these workshops, as shown by recent explorations, was that of Arezzo, the ancient Arretium, in Middle Tuscany, one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan confederation, and perhaps the

[Continued in Box 6.]

BELIEVED TO BELONG TO THE TEMPLE OF VOLTUMNA AT VOLSINII: PART OF A TERRA-COTTA FRIEZE, AS FOUND, IN A TRENCH AT ORVIETO.

Continued.]

6

most venerable for antiquity amongst them. Vitruvius and Pliny mention, as one of the sights of this city, its old Etruscan walls made of brick, a kind of construction known by the ancients as peculiar to city walls in pre-Hellenic and in archaic Greek and Asiatic towns, but quite exceptional in Italy and unknown in Rome. After the European War, excavations were undertaken, again by the Archæological Museum of Florence, to search for these walls, and they resulted lately in the discovery of actual remains of that remarkable work. But what, during the diggings, has been found of still greater interest for the students of Etruscan archæology, was a hoard of artistic fragments

[Continued in Box 7.]

FROM THE SHRINE OF VOLTUMNA AT VOLSINII? A HEAD OF SILENUS, PART OF A FRIEZE.

Continued.]

7

of terra-cotta, in a heap of rubbish left by the great conflagration of 81 B.C., in which many private and public buildings and temples perished, a prey to the flames. The best amongst these remains, already removed to the Museum of Florence for restoration, are some figures—generally in half-life size—with traces of polychromy, coming from the pediments and from other decorations of those very temples. To previous excavations in that city we were indebted for the discovery of the two well-known masterpieces of Arretine art in bronze, the Chimæra and the Minerva of the Florentine Museum, made after Greek models of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., and probably contemporaneous with them. The latest discoveries now prove that there flourished at Arezzo, in the two following centuries, i.e., the third and second B.C., a school which adhered to the canons of Hellenistic art, imitating chiefly the works of Scopas, and even exaggerating their characteristics, as the Hellenistic sculptors did.

[Continued below.]

PROBABLY FROM A FIGURE OF HERCULES: ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE FOUND AT AREZZO.



BELIEVED TO BE "THE FEDERAL SANCTUARY OF THE GODDESS VOLTUMNA, THE MEETING PLACE OF DELEGATES OF THE ETRUSCAN COMMUNITIES": EXCAVATIONS AT ORVIETO, IDENTIFIED WITH THE ANCIENT VOLSINII, THE POWERFUL ETRUSCAN CITY DESTROYED BY THE ROMANS IN 264 B.C.

Continued.]

A fine expressive head of a strong young man with clustered hair and growing whiskers, which belongs very probably to the figure of a Hercules engaged in one of his youthful exploits, cannot but recall the portraits of some Hellenistic Kings on Greek coins. In a female face of still more exquisite modelling—the head of a Niobid, as Professor Pernier thinks, or of a dying Amazon—we see the signs of pain and sorrow expressed with a tragic intensity such as is

not easy to find in the most genuine Greek works of that time, even in those of the best masters of the pathetic style. These and other pieces from the same excavation, as the head of a youth with a Phrygian cap, and that of a woman—probably Minerva—wearing a kind of Corinthian helmet, are really to be classed amongst the finest productions of plastic art in Etruria." The two last-named heads are illustrated on the opposite page.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

CHRISTMAS over, and money presents burning holes in pockets, as it were, womankind turns with pleasurable excitement to the Sales. Many will begin on Monday, and will offer splendid opportunities for investment. Liberty's, for instance, have not had a sale for a year, and have, consequently, a very large assortment of oddments—there are few things more esteemed by us women than oddments, when as good as they are at Liberty's, and cheap as they will be at next week's sale. Here it is impossible to say much, but what think you, ladies, of dresses in Priory cloth, various in styles and sizes, which sold for £4 14s. 6d., and in the sale will be £1 19s. 6d.? Or how do 7000 dress lengths of voiles, colour printed in dainty patterns with real Liberty artistic effects, at 9s. 6d. each, strike you? Patterns of these are sent post free. There is beautifully draping damask in soft and useful colours, which sold for 10s. 6d. a yard, and will be offered at the sale price of 4s. 11d. a yard. Real and good bargains will be found in silks, satins, velveteens, voiles, dress cottons, delaines, serges, and cloth, the accumulation of a whole year. There are evening gowns at half price, and many blouses at bargain figures; also children's clothes, and other desirable and beautiful things which we have looked at and longed for, and can now possess just because it is sale time, which brings them within our means.

Those of us who love substantial garments and value good tailoring and good style will find our opportunity at Burberrys, whose sale begins the 2nd of next month, and lasts all through it and through February. The quantity of superfluous stock is unusually large, and Burberrys are dealing drastically with it as regards price. The sale is of many 1921 models and a very great variety of the weatherproof garments made famous by the

firm. It will eclipse in size, variety, and quality all previous sales of the firm. It will include a large number of suits and frocks made from short lengths of and surplus pieces of Burberry gabardine and other distinctive cloths; and, in addition to



IN VOGUE: A STOLE AND CAP OF TAIL-LESS ERMINE.

With her white stole of tail-less ermine, she wears a cap to match, which has a jet buckle at the side; and the stole has a touch of black in its long silk fringe.

made-up garments, real bargains will be attainable in suit and overcoat cloths, which will be made up to order and fitted at prices representing unprecedented offers. Men will find pyjama suits, dressing-gowns, ties, shirts, socks, and underwear at the easiest of prices, and of exceptional style and quality. An illustrated catalogue of the sale for men's and women's departments, with measure forms and particulars of conditions and prices, will be sent post free on application to Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W.1, and will be a good guide to fine bargains.

There are many of us who have grown tired of our floor coverings; still more whose floor coverings have grown tired of us, and protest that fatigue by showing a very seamy side, not to say one quite threadbare. Messrs. Treloar and Sons are starting their first sale for five years, and are offering quite extraordinary value in carpets. There is a wide choice of those of British make, one piece and seamless; also of stair carpets, rugs, coco matting, Paisley carpets—and, in fact, carpets of all sorts and sizes. It will be well worth while for anyone who wants a new one to call at 68-70, Ludgate Hill, and take advantage of a really great opportunity.

When I was writing about the great linen merchants, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, I was so obsessed by the imposingness of marble halls that I inadvertently alluded to the Royal Irish Linen Warehouse in Donegall Place, Belfast, as the Linen Hall of that North of Ireland capital. As the Royal Irish Linen Warehouse it is known the world over, and it is the parent of our Regent Street Linen Hall. The sale at this great house starts on Monday, and offers a unique opportunity of obtaining at bargain prices the fairest and most beautiful product of Ulster—lovely Irish linen. It is obvious to all that there is nowhere so good as Robinson and Cleaver's to buy the harmless, necessary handkerchief. At this sale it can also be dainty and ornamental, and at very low prices, as are the plain varieties. The house-mother will find beautiful table linen and bed linen, and all those things which go to give her pride in her establishment, at prices astonishingly easy; and, if anyone wanting linen or lingerie will write to the firm for a catalogue, they will find a number of quite delightful surprises enabling them to present fair, fresh linen to their friends at a really small outlay.

Most women turn optimistically Knightsbridge way when sales are on. On Monday there will be a general halt at the old-established, up-to-date house of Harvey Nichols. The name is a guarantee of the excellence of purchases made there, and

during this month there will be remarkable chances of securing real bargains—the kind that keep their satisfaction always glowing. Each Thursday remnants will be sold for half price. Stockings of the smartest will be sold at delightfully easy prices—as, for example, those of artificial silk at 2s. 11d. Before the sale we thought them good value at 4s. 6d. Wide-ribbed cashmere stockings at 5s. 11d. a pair are bargains; there are many more in these now necessarily smart adjuncts to dress. Blouses are another specialty of the sale; the stock is heavy and varied, and a typical reduction is in a tailor-built shirt of crêpe armure which washes well and is sold as a rule at 29s. 6d., but in the sale will be 21s. ordinary size and 23s. 9d. out-size. Petticoats offer a field for most profitable investment. In printed spun silk of good design and charming colouring they will be sold for 15s.; from that moderate figure to 29s. 6d. there are real bargains in what we call “petties.” If we want cheap, good, and dainty underwear, Harvey Nichols offers it in great variety. This is true of corsets, which will be sold from 10s. 9d. to 25s. 9d.—really good, reliable, comfortable corsets. It is a fact that in every department Harvey Nichols's sale, beginning on Monday, gives opportunity for the most advantageous kind of purchasing.

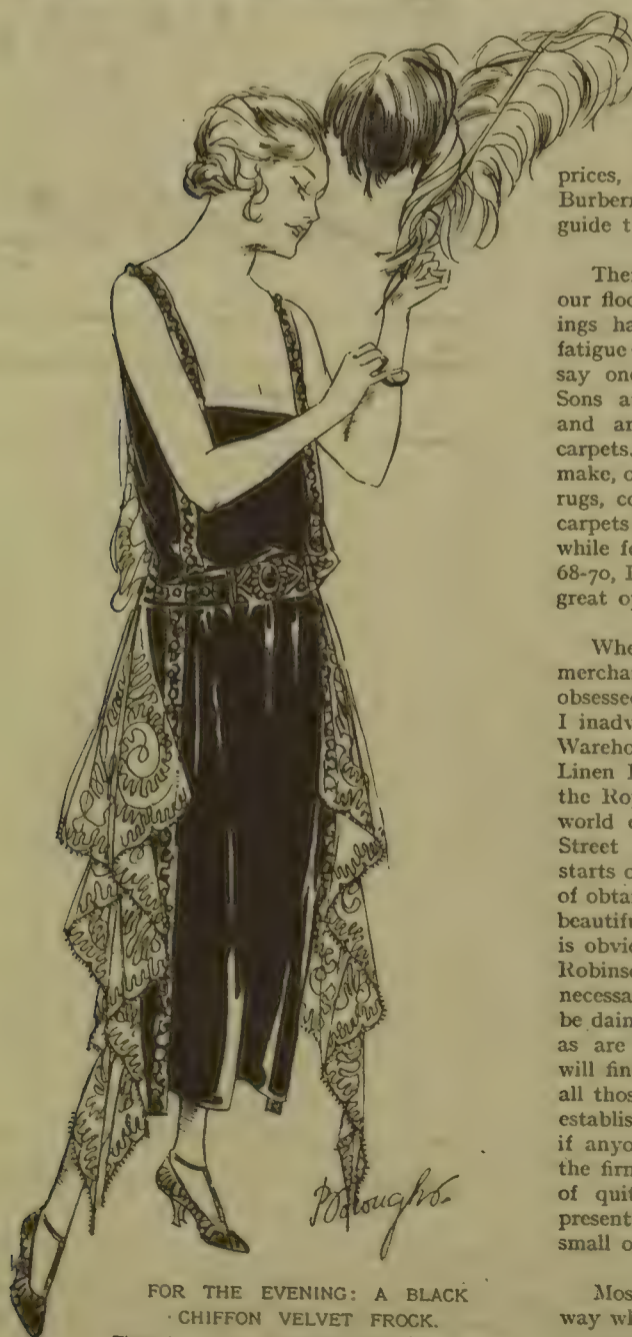
There is always an eager outlook for Debenham and Freebody's sale, and a stream of traffic will flow in the direction of the big house in Wigmore Street on Monday, when the winter sale opens. It lasts for only twelve days, and the fame of its reductions have gone abroad, as these things do—

no one quite knows how. There will be bargains everywhere. Girls will be particularly interested in the *thé dansant* frocks. These are very pretty and dainty, girlish and charming; and the delectable thing is that for 49s. 6d. girls can get delightful frocks in new and lovely shades of crêpe-de-Chine. It is almost unbelievable. From that modest price to five and six guineas there are quantities of lovely tea-frocks in flowered-ninon, georgette, and taffetas. Lace frocks in the loveliest colours are also most attractive, and have also been drastically reduced in price. The time is ahead when we shall most want furs to wear. In this department long model coats in nutria, mole-skin, seal musquash, and sable squirrel, which sold at 135 guineas and 198 guineas, have been placed on a common level in price at 89 guineas. Muffs and stoles are also reduced very greatly in price. We are all looking forward to games in the open, and golf coats will be eagerly bought in a special department arranged for their sale on the third floor; the prices will range from 10s. to 42s., which means, of course, bargains. There are knitted dresses in the usual golf department for 63s., and knitted suits for 73s. 6d. These are less than cost price. Coats and skirts are another feature of the sale. Good tweeds, tailor-built and lined with silk, will be sold for £3 18s. 6d. which were 5 and 6 guineas.



FOR GOLFING: A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The coat is of soft black leather, with white patent leather strap-pings. The skirt is of homespun, and is white with narrow and wide black stripes.



FOR THE EVENING: A BLACK CHIFFON VELVET FROCK.

There is a quiet distinction about this gown of black chiffon velvet, with black lace cascades at the side and bands of jet for the shoulder-straps and girdle.

THE FIRST "PANTO." OF THE SEASON: "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD.



LEADING FUN-MAKER IN THE NEW OXFORD PANTOMIME: MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS LOUISE, THE BABES' GOVERNESS.



ON THE COMIC SIDE: (L. TO R.) MR. GEORGE HASSELL AND MR. TUBBY EDLIN AS THE ROBBERS.



THE GOVERNESS BLOSSOMED INTO THE PRINCESS OF ROTHERHITHE: MR. A. W. BASKCOMB IN ANOTHER DRESS.



THE BABES WHO (UNLIKE PETER PAN) GREW UP: THE FAMOUS DOLLY SISTERS AS DOUGLAS AND MARY.



BEFORE THEY GREW UP: MISS JENNY DOLLY AS DOUGLAS AND MISS ROSIE DOLLY AS MARY.



IN THEIR FINALE DRESS: THE DOLLY SISTERS AS THEY APPEAR IN THE LAST SCENE.



IN "TOYLAND," A SCENE THAT DELIGHTS THE CHILDREN: A PAIR OF WOODEN SOLDIERS.



A CHARMING MAID MARION (TO MISS NELLIE TAYLOR'S ROBIN HOOD): MISS JOYCE BARBOUR.



DEMONSTRATING WHY A CHICKEN CROSSES THE ROAD? ANOTHER DENIZEN OF TOYLAND.

"The Babes in the Wood," produced at the New Oxford Theatre on December 21, was not only the first London pantomime offered to the public during the Christmas season, but was also Mr. Charles Cochran's first adventure in that form of dramatic art. Its success was instantaneous. There is a very strong cast, including the famous Dolly Sisters as the Babes, Miss Nellie Taylor as Robin Hood, Miss Joyce Barbour as Maid Marion, and several first-rate comedians, Mr. George Hassell and Mr. Tubby Edlin as the robbers, Mr. Albert Bruno as the wicked Baron Warndoff, and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb as the

governess. There is a beautiful fairy scene in a wood, where giant moths, designed by M. Paul Poirer, hover over the sleeping Babes. Another scene that gives great joy to young folks is Toyland, in which all the familiar figures of the nursery cupboard "come alive" and gambol delightfully. When the Babes have grown up, we find them at a night club, where they dance a particularly charming waltz. The book is by Mr. John Hastings Turner and Mr. Lauri Wylie, and the music by Mr. J. B. Hastings. Messrs. Marc Henri and Laverdet and Mr. John Bull painted the scenery.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

"BLOOD AND SAND"—I do not like this title; it savours of the guillotine and the basket—why not simply "The Arena"?—is an adaptation of one of the great books of modern Spain. In the hands of the American adapter the greatness became wholly lost, and there remained a story of commonplace intrigue and strong but undistinguished melodrama. Yet it began well, and in the first act something of the spirit of the book floated through the atmosphere of the hotel room where the great Matador lived through all the "nervosities," tantrums, and annoyances by admirers and interviewers alike, of a famous leading lady and coquette with all the vanities, the cosmetics, and the perfumes of a *cocotte*. For, in the matter of vanity, a popular bull-fighter is second to none of Eve's most fastidious daughters. It is part and parcel of the *métier*.

That first act was interesting; Spanish in colour and vivacity, in passion and grandiloquence. It was the complete picture of the Matador at home; and Matheson Lang, a magnificent figure, if a few inches too tall to respond to the real pattern, acted it with a fervour, a tension, a telling restlessness, which raised great expectations of developments. But there it ended. The actor maintained his level, dominated by his unrelenting passion, his fine flourish of limbs and voice, but, except a delightful little scene in which he played bull-fights with his children—real little darlings acting without concern and in the buoyancy of youth—the play became *cliché*: a little Samson and Delilah, a little domesticity, a little excitement, mostly engineered by the crowd behind the scenes, but nothing real, gripping, vital, dramatic. To me it seemed as if the adapter had wrenched some episodes from the book, stitched them up in dramatic form, flung them on the stage without further ado, and made no effort to warm up his dialogue with the imagery and ornateness which is the *cachet* of Spanish parlance. Nor was this play helped much by the efforts of the two leading women-characters. Miss Lillah McCarthy was a splendid *tableau-vivant*, inwardly unswayed by real passion; and Miss Florence Saunders expressed her wifely devotion in a manner so studied that it failed to convince. We derived much pleasure from the smaller parts: the vixenish sister of the Matador of Miss Nancy Price, a welcome return after long absence; the comforting doctor of Mr. Morton Selten; and the naïve society dame of Miss Nona Wynne.

Those who remember the book will regret that the tragic ending has been superseded by the Matador returning a repentant sinner to the fold—basking in domestic sunshine in true Yuletide fashion. To enlarge upon this emasculation of a work of art would merely lead to wails about the inartistic nature of our theatrical public. So I will leave it at that; but what a pity that a fine actor like Mr. Matheson Lang should have to bend to the inevitable, lest there be peril that his bountiful hand, which gave us a truly beautiful production, should have to go a-begging in emptiness!

From "Blood and Sand" to the real arena at Olympia. At the delectable luncheon which Mr. Bertram Mills offered to the Press, in the Pillar Hall, with the Lord Mayor as guest of honour, the City King's Toastmaster, in a charming slip of the tongue, struck a keynote.

"Gentlemen," said he, "pray silence for your Master!" And then Mr. Mills rose to great plaudits, and in the most pleasant modesty of speech told us what we should see anon in the Magic Ring. He had travelled over the two hemispheres; he had spared neither money nor fatigue; he had collected in the lands of

voice and grand mien and manner; with proud horses of Andalusia, Araby, Trahehnen; with acrobats flying through the air like wireless flashes; with a juggler, Rastelli, whose nimbleness, youth and elegance, recall the prime of Cinquevalli; with sturdy sons of Australia flinging axes and felling tree-trunks at lightning speed; with Scotch colliers revelling in comedies and a thrilling little scene of a motor accident, a dog-widow, and an ambulance; with Lockhart's elephants standing on their giant heads like born gymnasts, and rolling through the ring like frolicking babes; with Lilian Leytzel swirling catherine wheels in such gyration and swiftness that we literally held our breath!

But the horses, as they should be, are the mainstay of this fleet of force and skill. Here they are, the eight Trahehnens, obeying Mr. Schumann's word of command with no need of the flicking whip, whose salute on their hind legs with forelegs prancing in curtsy carries the audience by storm. Here is the *haute école* once more, "North Express" dancing to the spur of Schumann: valse, minuet and jazz. Here—oh! ecstasy of all who love the circus—is a phalanx of forty mares and stallions, now rushing in *tourbillon* through the ring, now pacing gracefully on rotund platforms in kaleidoscopic cycle of endless variation. And all the while the clowns help and hamper, shout and play tricks, tease audience and ringmasters alike, while a grand silly-ass of the evergreen knut type, monocle in eye, is here, there, and everywhere, and frightfully busy doing nothing. No wonder that thunders of applause rolled through the big hall almost without intermission, that kiddies shrieked with joy! For the dear old circus had made a triumphal entry once more, and all during Christmas it will be "Walk up! walk up!" in your thousands, make merry and feel young!



PRINCIPAL BOY IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE NEW OXFORD THEATRE: MISS NELLIE TAYLOR AS ROBIN HOOD.

"The Babes in the Wood," at the New Oxford, with the Dolly Sisters as Babes, is Mr. Charles Cochran's first pantomime. Miss Nellie Taylor, in doublet and high boots, makes a charming Robin Hood.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

the Allies and neutrals forty turns which he deemed first-rate; he would present to us horse-flesh of the finest quality to satisfy "my great ambition, my hope, my life—the Circus."

At a Press luncheon, of all occasions in the world, Mr. James White, the new autocrat of Daly's, is reported to have said that he was compelled to choose an Austrian play; that he had been utterly unable to find either a suitable musical play by an English author and a ditto composer; and that it was difficult to discover a likely English actress as a successor to Miss José Collins. Now here is a statement which warrants a challenge. I am ready to prove that

at least three young English composers of repute have each one—and one of them more—English musical comedies with *libretti* by English authors of equal standing ready for production, and that, according to the best known of the trio (some of whose compositions have been hall-marked by Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra), "he has not even had the chance of scaling the wall which surrounds our musical-comedy magnates, let alone succeeded in obtaining an audition." I will leave it at that, as it is not a case for controversy, but for substantiation. The question is, will Mr. James White, good Britisher that he is, play the game and lend a willing ear to the young generation, which, it seems, has so far vainly knocked at the door? As regards the leading lady—that's another story. Yet she, too, might be found at

home if somebody would display a little of the energy and perseverance of the late lamented Mr. Diogenes.



A 2000-YEAR-OLD ROMAN PLAY REVIVED AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: THE CAST OF THE "FAMULUS" OF TERENCE, WITH THE REV. A. G. S. RAYNOR, MASTER OF THE KING'S SCHOLARS, NOW RETIRING.

The annual play at Westminster School was this year the "Famulus" of Terence, first produced in Rome in 161 B.C. It was given on three nights, December 15, 19, and 21. The Rev. A. G. S. Raynor, Master of the King's Scholars, who has acted as "producer" for over thirty-five years, retired at Christmas to a country vicarage.—[Photograph by Barratt's Photo Press, Ltd.]

Nor had he said a word too much. This Circus is the thing—the good old circus, with clowns mad and merry; with ringmasters of stentorian

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Continued from page 912.

There are smart gabardine coats and skirts, suitable for spring, at £5 18s. 6d. which were 8½ guineas. Bargains rule everywhere, and the purchases look as if they had not even a bowing acquaintance with a bargain.

Marshall and Snelgrove—these are familiar names to all who know the ropes of good dressing. There will be a crowd there on Monday morning when the winter sale begins, and continues for four weeks to the 28th inst. An evening gown in black Lyons chiffon velvet, made with a crossover bodice and loose, embroidered panel, and finished at the waist with a hand-embroidered motif, can be bought for 7½ guineas, just 2 guineas less than the usual price. Original Paris models of superb evening frocks, most effective and stylish, have been reduced from 85 to 30 guineas. Corduroy and plain velveteen coats and skirts, bound with braid, and with a choice of three different styles, are to be sold for 8½ instead of 12½ guineas. For the modest sum of £5 18s. 6d. an early spring coat-frock in really good coating serge, smartly trimmed with braid and steel buttons, can be purchased. As to hats, every woman knows that Marshall and Snelgrove have a splendid reputation for style and becomingness in their millinery department, and next week great advantage will be derived from purchasing there. The choice is unlimited. I will mention only a becoming picture hat in satin panne or velvet, finished with an ostrich plume, which will be sold for 3 guineas; while a coarse pedal straw *chapeau* in several

lovely colours, trimmed with faille ribbon, will be sold for 35s. There will be bargains in stockings too, and those we must have. Pairs of heavy ribbed artificial silk will be 6s. 11d., and those in shadow stripe marle mixture Lisle thread will be reduced to 3s. 11d. a pair, as will Morley's own make of black artificial silk. I have, I hope, said enough to indicate that Marshall and Snelgrove's sale is one whereat delightful and profitable investments abound. A. E. L.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes," of which the 1922 issue is now published, is extremely convenient for reference, owing to its single alphabetical arrangement of names. This year it contains more of the leading men of the mercantile community. The biographical directory is preceded, as before, by much useful tabular information in a small compass, including the members of the Royal Family, also the Government, lists of Peers and M.P.s, Foreign Ministers in England, British Ministers abroad, and instructions on modes of address.

Among social works of reference, "Debrett's Peerage" (Dean and Son) holds a foremost place, and the new edition for 1922 fully maintains its high reputation. In many quarters "Debrett" is a necessity of life, but even those who cannot afford the luxury of a new copy every year will find the present an opportune time to get one, now that the distribution of war honours is complete. These have involved such an enormous number of alterations in recent years that only an up-to-date edition is of practical use. An attractive new feature of

the volume is provided in the striking heraldic endpapers designed by Mr. V. Wheeler Holohan. The preface by the editor, Mr. Arthur Hesilrige, is as valuable and entertaining as ever. Even "Debrett," it appears, is not exempt from the vagaries of perverse correspondents, and we read with sympathy the tale of his editorial trials. That he works in no dry-as-dust spirit is shown by the interesting allusion to writers of fiction, whom he finds guilty of glaring errors in their use of titles and titled relationships. A study of "Debrett" might save them from such pitfalls.

There is probably no book of reference in the world that is more often consulted than "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black), of which the new edition for 1922 is now available. This is the seventy-fourth year of issue, and the volume contains over 30,000 biographies. Between the familiar red covers is compressed an enormous mass of information, concisely stated and conveniently arranged. It is a marvellous compendium of the careers and activities of all the most prominent British men and women of our time, in every sphere of life, the *élite* of the nation. In conjunction with the companion volume, "Who Was Who" (1897-1916), it gives an epitome of the lives of most of the notable people during the last quarter of a century. It is customary to use these volumes merely for looking up facts about particular persons, but, read with imagination, they open up an enormous field of interest. Taken in this way, they form an outline of contemporary history, and an invaluable index to more extended research.

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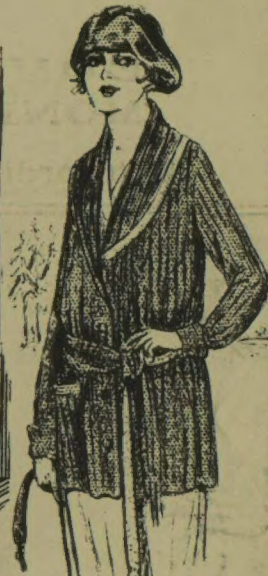
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C. and Motor Taxation.

Last week I recorded the fact that the R.A.C. had made certain representations to the Government regarding the future of motor taxation. I have since received a communication from the club setting forth in detail the attitude of the R.A.C., and exactly what has been done and is proposed to be done. This, I think, is well worth reproducing, as an indication that the club is fully alive to the situation and is by no means apathetic to the interests of the motorist. In particular, I would draw attention to the opening paragraph, which is a direct refutation of the official statement that the present system of taxation by horse-power rating was desired by the motoring community and fully agreed to by its representatives. The communiqué is as follows—

"The R.A.C. has always strongly maintained that the method of taxation proportionate to road-users, by means of a tax on liquid fuel, is by far the fairest and best, and that, notwithstanding all the difficulties which exist, this method of taxation should be further examined. On the other hand, if the method of

approached the Ministry of Transport with the following suggestions—

"(a) That, in view of the amount realised having exceeded expectations—the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech on the 20th April, 1920, stating that 'in a full year the new taxation should yield £9,000,000,' whereas that amount has been exceeded by the yield since the 1st January last—the question of a reduction of the tax from £1 per h.p. to 15s. per h.p. should now be taken into consideration.

"(b) That in any case the full tax of £1 shall not be charged for a fractional unit of horse-power, but that the charge be proportional to the unit. For example, in the opinion of the committee, a car of 12.1-h.p. should not be assessed at £13, but at £12 1-10th (£12 2s.); a car 12.2-h.p. at £12 2-10th (£12 4s.), and so on. If the tax should become 15s. per h.p., the owner of the 12.1 car would pay £9 1s. 6d. on this scale; 12.2-h.p. would pay £9 3s., and so on.

"(c) That when an owner takes out a quarterly license there should not be so great a difference as at present between one-fourth of the full yearly license duty and the amount paid by him.

"The R.A.C. has now appointed a special sub-committee to consider the whole question, to confer with other bodies, to consider any suggestions which may be submitted to it by individuals, and to make recommendations to the committee of the club. This sub-committee has already started work. In the opinion of the club, the fairest and best method of taxation would be one under

which all road-users, whether by means of mechanically propelled or horse-driven vehicles, would be reasonably and fairly taxed in proportion to road-user."

Racing Prospects for 1922.

At the moment, things do not look at all rosy for the R.A.C. races in the Isle of Man next summer. Up to the time of writing, only six entries, three Sunbeams and three Vauxhalls, have been



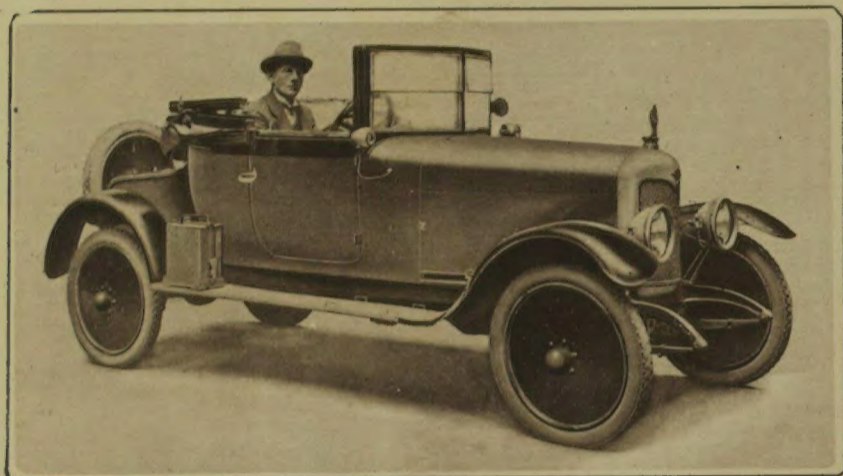
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made for the "Three Litre" race; while there are but seven for the "Fifteen Hundred." These latter are three Sunbeams, three Aston-Martins, and an A.C. Of course, there is still time for the entry list to fill; but, considering the terrible state of business now and the tremendous expense of building racing cars for such events, I am not at all sanguine of there being sufficient entries to justify the club in going on with the races. Naturally, one hopes that these events will materialise, because of their great interest to the whole body of motoring, and for the unquestioned effect they produce on design and the all-round efficiency of the car. But firms who are engaged in the industry as a commercial enterprise are scarcely to be blamed for cutting out the expense, times being as they are.

It seems almost equally doubtful if the French Automobile Club will have any better fortune. The

(Continued overleaf.)



THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S ONE-DAY DRIVE FROM EDINBURGH TO LONDON: MR. F. G. KELLAWAY, M.P., IN HIS 11-H.P. RILEY COUPÉ.

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taxation by horse-power is to be retained, the R.A.C. is of opinion that several modifications should be made in the existing scale, and in October last the club



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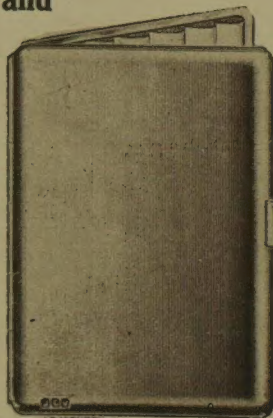
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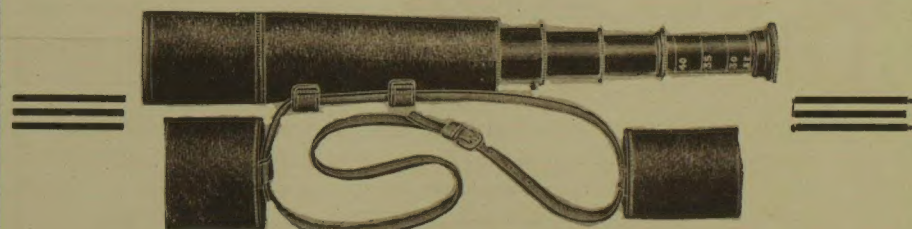
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entries for the Grand Prix are not coming along as usual, and it almost begins to look as though there will be no road racing in Europe at all during 1922, so far at least as concerns the races we have been accustomed to regard as "blue ribbon" events.

Brooklands promises better, since the executive has prepared a more than usually attractive programme of events for the season. The track does not, of course, depend upon manufacturers and their specially built and prepared cars. All the old cars which raced during the past season are still available, besides one or two new ones whose advent will be eagerly looked forward to. If we cannot have the Isle of Man, let us hope we shall see something interesting nearer home.

Short Term Licenses.

The Ministry of Transport has made a slight concession in the matter of short term motor licenses, to become operative at the beginning of next year. Instead of our having to pay a full quarter's duty for any period less than three months, licenses will now be issued on payment of a sum equal to an average per month of 10 per cent. of the

full annual duty. The exact percentages payable are set forth below:—

MONTH OF APPLICATION.	PERCENTAGE OF FULL DUTY EXPIRING DEC. 31.	QUARTERLY.
January -	100 per cent.	30 per cent.
February -	100 " "	20 " "
March -	90 " "	10 " "
April -	80 " "	30 " "
May -	70 " "	20 " "
June -	60 " "	10 " "
July -	50 " "	30 " "
August -	50 " "	20 " "
September -	40 " "	10 " "
October -	30 " "	
November -	20 " "	
December -	10 " "	

It will be noted that the wholly unjust surcharge of 20 per cent. above the annual duty is still to be filched from the pockets of those who either for their own convenience or for reasons beyond their control take out their licenses quarterly. It may be agreed that there should be an extra charge made for the additional work entailed by the issue of short period licenses, but this 20 per cent. is sheer usury.—W. W.

"PETER PAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

HOW many years is it since we first hailed with delighted laughter and some tears the triumph of Sir James Barrie's magic in "Peter Pan"? Most of us have ceased to take stock of the time, because enumeration for first-nighters of that date, whenever it was, is so shocking a reminder that we have passed our first youth. But "Peter Pan" grows no older, whatever his location, and no matter how new the members of his band: and this year's revival at the St. James's takes nothing from the nursery classic's perennial attractiveness. Only one survivor of the original cast, one suspects, figures in the production; at all events, Mr. George Shelton's Smee is as familiar as it is popular. There is a new Peter, Miss Joan Maclean, whose young hero is almost as winsome as Miss Nina Boucicault's. There is a new Wendy, Miss Sylvia Oakley, who is not so far behind the matchless Hilda Trevelyan. There is a new and splendidly lurid Hook, provided by Mr. Ernest Thesiger, a pirate chief of quality never bettered. And children, now as heretofore, punctuate the progress of the story with the prettiest expressions of approval.



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BRIGHT IN THE EVENING




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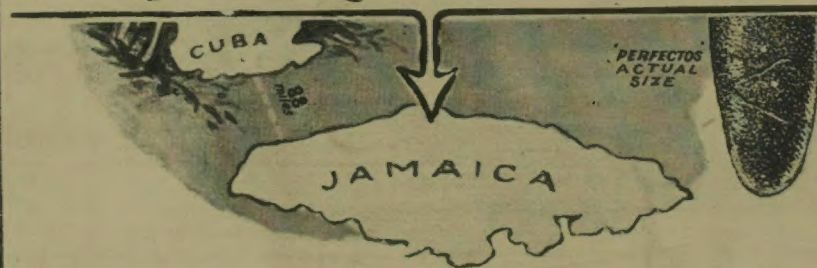
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